THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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HOLIDAYS

The Mystic Three—By Robert W. Chambers

ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE MODELS FOR 1906 . . . . . OLDSMOBILE

¶ Our announcement of 1906 models, while marking a sensational change in our manufacturing product, is in the line of evolution. As the pioneer makers of the most successful and best known single cylinder runabout, the step to the building of the four-cylinder touring car is a natural one. Before being introduced to the public our new models have been through months of the most trying and exacting road tests. They stand strictly on demonstration.

Oldsmobile Palace Touring Car. Model S. Price $2,250.

In general appearance this car is strictly up-to-date. The front axle has been placed well forward under the radiator, giving a wheel base of 106 inches. The tread is standard. Weight, 2,200 pounds.

Motor: The car is equipped with a four-cylinder vertical water cooled motor, developing 24 to 26 h. p. Cylinder, 4¼ inch bore by 4¾ inch stroke. Pistons are carefully ground, and "run in" with a belt to insure accurate fit. All the cylinders, pistons and rings are made from the best grade of cast iron from our own foundry. An exceptionally silent muffler is located longitudinally beneath the side of the car.

Oldsmobile Model S. Note the stylish front door.

Valves: The valves are mechanically operated and easily adjusted. The fly wheel is carefully marked and an index is placed on the crank case so that the valves may be quickly and accurately timed. All bearings are of generous proportion, and quarter boxes are of babbitt lined bronze. The cylinders are cooled by means of water circulated by a gear pump. The radiator used is one of our own design, having a flat tube construction. A fan placed just behind the radiator aids in cooling the motor when the machine is standing still.

Crank Case: The crank case is of aluminum. The lower half may be removed without disturbing the bearings, which are hung from the upper half of the case. The crank shaft, connecting rods and pistons can, therefore, be very easily examined or removed without disturbing the hanging of the motor.

Frame: A pressed steel frame of channel section is used. In addition to the main frame, a sub-frame is provided which supports the motor and radiator. Steel plates are riveted between the outside and inside members, and gives a pronounced bracing effect. The dustpan is removable, so that the motor may be very easily examined, yet at the same time it is firmly fastened when in place and absolutely prevents the dust, mud and water from reaching the working parts of the mechanism. Both engine and transmission are aligned upon the sub-frame, and all working parts may be removed without disturbing the hanging of the crank or transmission cases.

The Carburetor is made for us according to our own specifications. Particular attention has been given to this most important part of an automobile power equipment. Our carburetor has several distinctive features—for instance, the gasoline nozzle instead of being placed in a mixing chamber by itself runs up through the center of the float chamber. This decreases the distance through which the gasoline must pass, thereby doing away with the inertia effect so often found in other types of carburetors. An auxiliary air inlet is provided to insure the maintenance of a perfect mixture. The result is a large decrease in fuel consumption and increased power.

Transmission: The transmission is of the sliding gear type, having three speeds forward and one reverse. All the gears are made of special high carbon steel, tempered and hardened. The control is of the selective type, all changes being made with one lever.

The clutch is of the ordinary "dish pan" or cone type, and is provided with a simple spring device whereby the load may be thrown onto the motor gradually, thus doing away with the jerking motion when starting. The clutch may be thrown out by foot lever, and also by emergency brake.

Control: Steering is accomplished through a worm and nut combination. The nut has a large wearing surface so babbitted that same may be easily replaced at any time. The spark and throttle levers are placed upon the steering post, and just beneath and at the right-hand side of a 16-inch oval rim steering wheel. An accelerator pedal is also arranged in such a way that it may be used

Oldsmobile Model L.

with ease when it is desired to instantly increase the speed for a short interval.

Brake: There are three brakes, one, operated by a pedal control, acting on the cardon shaft, just back of the transmission case: the other two, operated by a hand lever, which "sets up" the emergency toggle joint brake upon the rear wheels. Application of hub brakes throws out clutch, disconnecting transmission from motor.

Axles: The front axle is of our own special design, and is built of 2-inch tubing having a ¼-inch wall. There are special large bearings upon steering connections, all these bearings being equipped with "T" handled grease cups, and protected by leather dust cups. The steering connections and gear links are adjustable so that the wheels may be easily lined up at any time. Axle is dropped in center to protect the fly wheel and other parts beneath the car. The rear axle is equipped with Timken Roller Bearings throughout.

Drive: Bevel gear drive is used, having a ratio of 3 to 1. Thus all chain troubles are eliminated and the highest degree of efficiency secured.

Springs: Large half elliptical springs made of the best stock obtainable are used, the front being 36 inches long, and rear 48 inches.

Miscellaneous. The wheels have 10 spokes in front, and 12 in the rear, and are equipped with 32 inch by 3½ inch tires.

Oldsmobile Model L, without Tonneau for runabout use.

Four inch tires for extraordinary service can be had on special order. Running board and mud guard irons instead of being riveted on are drawn into taper sockets upon side members of frame and are easily removable. The lamp brackets are adjustable for different sizes of lamps; dash and tail light brackets are supplied. Luggage rack is equipped at rear on special order. A tubular horn, two acetylene headlights, generator and two oil lamps are furnished with each car. A box carried on running board contains storage and dry cells, tools and compartment for waste and small repairs.

Oldsmobile Two Cycle Touring Car. Model L. Price $1,250.50.

This car has a marked individuality, though it approaches in general appearance the lines of several foreign machines very popular in America. The front axle is brought well forward and the rear wheels back, giving a 102 inch wheel base and adding to the easy riding qualities of the car. The tonneau is so constructed that it is easily removable, and the "beedle back" luggage compartment is built for utility as well as for appearance. When thus equipped it becomes the most attractive of two-passenger or runabout outfits. The standard color will be pearl gray with black trimmings and red running gear.

Motor: The motor is two-cylinder, two-stroke cycle, vertical water cooled, placed under bonnet at front; cylinders 5-inch bore, 5-inch stroke, rating 20 h. p., giving ample road efficiency. The cranks set at 180 degrees are counterweighted, reducing vibration to the minimum. Lubrication is by the Hill Precision oiler, bolted to brackets upon cylinders, and driven by eccentric. Pistons lubricated on both sides. Crank pins are oiled through middle main bearings. This system absolutely prevents smoky exhaust.

Cooling is by water circulated by gear pump. Radiator of flat tube construction. Ignition, one storage coil, one set of six dry cells. Spark coil on dash. Commutator bevel gear driven. Spark plugs set at an angle to prevent fouling with oil.

The transmission, control, brakes, axles, bevel gear drive and springs are the same as in Model S.

Oldsmobile Standard Runabout. Model B. Price $650.00.

This car is so well and favorably known that it is unnecessary to go into a detailed description.

Among the new features are the substitution of the ratchet brake in place of the differential and the use of the very effective hub brakes. The capacity of the circulating pump has been increased 400%, and the pump is driven direct by a silent chain from the cam shaft. The quality of material used has been increased throughout, and more rigid tests and higher standards maintained than ever before. We will gladly send you complete specifications and point out to you the numerous other advantageous features of this car upon application.

The Standard Runabout is undoubtedly the most popular car of the day for all around utility. Low in first cost, it is economical to maintain. In the recent economy test of the New York Motor Club it carried four pas-

Oldsmobile Standard Runabout.

sengers during the entire trip of 682 miles, did not break apart, had no tire trouble of any description, and was the car universally commented upon as being the one which was always ready to start off every morning with a turn of the crank.

We want to tell you still more about these cars. If you are interested, cut the Catalog Coupon below and mail to us. We want to tell you why they are safe, delightful cars for the woman driver; why they appeal to the man who discriminates.

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THE MYSTIC THREE

One or the Other Spurred Him to a Desperate Flying Leap

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

THIS is a story of the Mystic Three—Fate, Chance and Destiny; and what happens to people who trifle with them.

It begins with a young man running after a train. He had to run.

The connection at Westport Junction was normally a close one, but now, even before the incoming train had entirely stopped, the local on the other line began to move out, while the engineers of the two locomotives, leaning from their cab windows, exchanged sooty grins. It was none of their business—this squabble between the two roads which was making the term, "Junction," as applied to Westport, a snare and a derision.

So the roads squabbled, and young Seabury ran. Other passengers ran, too, amid the gibes of newsboys and the patronizing applause of station loafers.

He heard them; he also heard squeaks emitted by females whose highest speed was a dignified and scuttering waddle. Meanwhile he was running, and running hard through the falling snow; the ice under foot did not aid him; his overcoat and suit-case handicapped him; the passengers on the moving train smiled at him behind frosty windows.

One very thin man smoking a cigar rubbed his thumb on the pane in order to see better; he was laughing, and Seabury wished him evil.

There were only two cars, and the last one was already rolling by him. And at one of the windows of this car he saw a pretty girl in chinchilla furs watching him curiously. Then she also smiled.

It may have been the frank amusement of a pretty woman, and it may have been the scornful apathy of a red-nosed brakeman tying the loose end of the signal rope on the rear platform; doubtless one or the other spurred him to a desperate flying leap which landed him and his suit-case on the rear platform of the last car. And there he stuck, too mad to speak, until a whirlwind of snow and cinders drove him to shelter inside.

The choice of cars was limited to a combination baggage and smoker and a more fragrant passenger coach. He selected a place in the latter across the aisle from the attractive girl in chinchilla furs who had smiled at his misfortunes—not very maliciously. Now, as he seated himself, she glanced up at him without the slightest visible interest, and returned to her study of the winter landscape.

The car was hot; he was hot. Burning thoughts concerning the insolence of railroads made him hotter; the knowledge that he had furnished amusement for the passengers of two trains did not cool him.

Meanwhile everybody in the car had become tired of staring at him; a little boy across the aisle giggled his last giggle, several men resumed their newspapers; a shopgirl remembered her gum and began chewing it again.

"Aind I Said Peverly Alretty?"

A large mottled man with a damp mustache, seated opposite him, said: "Vell, Mister, you runned pooty quvick alretty py dot Vestport train!"

"It seems to me," observed Seabury, touching his heated face with his handkerchief, "that the public ought to do something."

"Yaw; der bublic it runs," said the large man, resuming his eyeglasses and holding his newspaper nearer to the window in the fading light.

Seabury smiled to himself and ventured to glance across the aisle in time to see the dawning smile in the blue eyes of his neighbor die out instantly as he turned. It was the second smile he had extinguished since his appearance aboard the train.

The conductor, a fat, unbuttoned, untidy official, wearing spectacles and a walrus mustache, came straddling down the aisle. He looked over the tops of his spectacles at Seabury doubtfully.

"I managed to jump aboard," explained the young man, smiling.

"Tickuts!" returned the conductor without interest.

"I haven't a ticket; I'll pay ——"

"Sure," said the conductor; "vere you ged owid?"

"What?"

"Vere do you ged *owid?*"

"Oh, where do I get *out?* I'm going to Beverly ——"

"Peverly? Sefenty-vive cends."

"Not to Peverly, to Beverly ——"

"Yaw, Peverly ——"

"No, no; Beverly! not Peverly ——"

"Aind I said Peverly alretty? Sefenty-vive ——"

"Look here; there's a Beverly and a Peverly on this line, and I don't want to go to Peverly and I do want to go to Beverly ——"

"You go py Peverly und you don'd go py Beverly alretty! Sure! Sefenty-vive ce ——"

The young man cast an exasperated glance across the aisle in time to catch a glimpse of two deliciously blue eyes suffused with mirth. And instantly, as before, the mirth died out. As an extinguisher of smiles he was a success, anyway; and he turned again to the placid conductor who was in the act of punching a ticket.

"Wait! Hold on! Don't do that until I get this matter straight! Now, do you understand where I wish to go?"

"You go py Peverly ——"

"No, Beverly! *Beverly! Be-ver-ly!*" he repeated in patiently studied accents.

The large mottled man with the damp mustache looked up gravely over his newspaper: "Yaw, der gonductor he also says Peverly."

"But Peverly isn't Beverly ——"

"Aind I said it blenty enough dimes?" demanded the conductor, becoming irritable.

"But you haven't said it right yet!" insisted Seabury.

The conductor was growing madder and madder. "Peverly! Peverly!! *Peverly!!!* In Gottes Himmel,

don'd you English yet alretty understandt? Sefenty-vive cends! Und"—here he jammed a seat-check into the rattling window-sill—"Und ven I sez Peverly it iss Peverly, und ven I sez Beverly it iss Beverly, und ven I sez sefenty-vive cends so iss it sefenty-vi ——"

Seabury thrust three silver quarters at him; it was impossible to pursue the subject; madness lay in that direction. And when the affronted conductor, mumbling muffled indignation, had straddled off down the aisle, the young man took a cautious glance at the check in the window-sill. But on it was printed only, "Please show this to the conductor," so he got no satisfaction there. He had mislaid his time-table, too; and the large mottled man opposite had none, and began an endless and patient explanation which naturally resulted in nothing, as his labials were similar to the conductor's; even more so.

Turning to the man behind him Seabury attempted to extract a little information, and the man was very affable and anxious to be of help, but all he could do was to nod and utter Teutonic gutturals through a bushy beard with a deep, buzzing sound, and Seabury sank back, beaten and dejected.

"Good Lord!" he muttered to himself, "is the entire Fatherland traveling on this accursed car! I—I've half a mind ——"

He stole a doubtful sidelong glance at his blue-eyed neighbor across the aisle, but she was looking out of her own window this time, her cheeks buried in the fur of her chinchilla muff.

"And after all," he reflected, "if I asked her, she might turn out to be of the same nationality." But it was not exactly that which prevented him.

The train was slowing down; sundry hoarse toots from the locomotive indicated a station somewhere in the vicinity.

"Plue Pirt Lake! Change heraus für Bleasant Falley!" shouted the conductor, opening the forward door. He lingered long enough to glare balefully at Seabury, then, as nobody apparently cared either to get out at Blue Bird Lake or change for Pleasant Valley, he slammed the door and jerked the signal rope; the locomotive emitted a scornful Teutonic grunt; the train moved forward into the deepening twilight of the December night.

The snow was now falling more heavily—it was light enough to see that—a fine gray powder sifting down out of obscurity, blowing past the windows in misty streamers.

The bulky man opposite breathed on the pane, rubbed it with a thumb like a pincushion, and peered out.

"Der next station iss Beverly," he said.

"The next is Peverly?"

"No, der next iss *Be*verly; und der nextest iss Peverly."

"Then, if I am going to Beverly, I get out at the next station, don't I?" stammered the perplexed young fellow, trying to be polite.

The man became peevish. "Nun wass ist es!" he growled. "I dell you Peverly und you say Beverly. Don'd I know vat it iss I say alretty?"

"Yes—but *I* don't ——"

"Also, you ged owid vere you tam blease!" retorted the incensed passenger, and resumed his newspaper, hunching himself around to present nothing to Seabury except a vast expanse of neck and shoulder.

Seabury, painfully embarrassed, let it go at that. Probably the poor man *had* managed to enunciate the name of the station properly; no doubt the next stop was Beverly, after all. He was due there at 6:17. He looked at his watch. It was a quarter past six already. The next stop *must* be Beverly—supposing the train to be on time.

And already the guttural warning of the locomotive sounded from the darkness ahead; already he sensed the gritting resistance of the brakes.

Permitting himself a farewell and perfectly inoffensive glance across the aisle, he perceived her of the blue eyes and chinchilla furs preparing for departure; and, what he had not before noticed, her maid in the seat behind her, gathering a dainty satchel, umbrella and suit-case marked *C. G.*

So she was going to Beverly, too! He hoped she might be bound for the Christmas Eve frolic at the Austins'. It was perfectly possible—in fact, probable.

He was a young man whose optimism colored his personal wishes so vividly that sometimes what he desired became presently, in his imagination, a charming and delightful probability. And already his misgivings concerning the proper name of the next station had vanished. He *wanted* Beverly to be the next station, and already it was, for him. Also, he had quite made up his mind that she of the chinchillas was bound for the Austins'.

A cynical blast from the locomotive; a jerking pull of brakes, and, from the forward smoker, entered the fat conductor.

"Beverly! Beverly!" he shouted.

So he, too, had managed to master his *P*'s and *B*'s, concluded the young man, smiling to himself as he rose, invested himself with his heavy coat, and picked up his suit-case.

The young lady of the chinchillas had already left the car, followed by her maid, before he stepped into the aisle ready for departure.

It was the Second Smile He had Extinguished

A shadow of misgiving fell upon him when, glancing politely at his fellow-passenger, he encountered only a huge sneer, and concluded that the nod of courtesy was superfluous.

Also he hesitated as he passed the fat conductor, who was glaring at him, mouth agape—hesitated a moment only, then, realizing the dreadful possibilities of reopening the subject, swallowed his question in silence.

"It's *got* to be Beverly, now," he thought, making his way to the snowy platform and looking about him for some sign of a conveyance which might be destined for him. There were several sleighs and depot-wagons there—a number of footmen bustling about in furs.

"I'll just glance at the name of the station to be sure," he thought to himself, peering up through the thickly-descending snow where the name of the station ought to be. And, as he stepped out to get a good view, he backed into a fur-robed footman, who touched his hat in hasty apology.

"Oh, Bailey! Is that you?" said Seabury, relieved to encounter one of Mrs. Austin's men.

"Yes, sir. Mr. Seabury, sir! Were you expected ——?"

"Certainly," nodded the young man gayly, abandoning his suit-case to the footman and following him to a big depot-sleigh.

And there, sure enough, was his lady of the chinchillas, nestling under the robes to her pretty chin, and her maid on the box with the coachman—a strangely fat coachman—no doubt a new one to replace old Martin.

When Seabury came up the young lady turned and looked at him, and he took off his hat politely, and she acknowledged his presence very gravely and he seated himself decorously, and the footman swung to the rumble.

Then the chiming silver sleigh-bells rang out through the snow, the magnificent pair of plumed horses swung around the circle under the bleared lights of the station and away they speeded into the snowy darkness.

A decent interval of silence elapsed before he considered himself at liberty to use a traveler's privilege. Then he said something sufficiently commonplace to permit her the choice of conversing or remaining silent. She hesitated; she had never been particularly wedded to silence. Besides, she was scarcely twenty—much too young to be wedded to anything. So she said something, with perfect composure, which left the choice to him. And his choice was obvious.

"I have no idea how far it is; have you?" he asked.

"Yes," she said coolly.

"This is a jolly sleigh," he continued with unimpaired cheerfulness.

She thought it comfortable. And for a while the conversation clung so closely around the sleigh that it might have been run over had not he dragged it into another path.

"Isn't it amazing how indifferent railroads are to the convenience of their passengers?"

She turned her blue eyes on him; there was the faintest glimmer in their depths.

"I know you saw me running after that train," he said, laughingly attempting to break the ice.

"I?"

"Certainly. And it amused you, I think."

She raised her eyebrows a trifle. "What is there amusing about that?"

"But you *did* smile—at least I thought so."

Evidently she had no comment to offer. She *was* hard to talk to. But he tried again.

"The fact is, I never expected to catch your—that train. It was only when I saw—saw"—he floundered on the verge of saying "you," but veered off hastily—"when I saw that brakeman's expression of tired contempt, I simply sailed through the air like a—a—like a—one of those—er—you know ——"

"Do you mean kangaroos?" she ventured so listlessly that the quick flush of chagrin on his face died out again; because it was quite impossible that such infantine coldness and candor could be secretly trifling with his dignity.

"It was a long jump," he concluded gravely, "but I've done some jumping at Harvard and I made it and managed to hold on."

"You were very fortunate," she said, smiling for the first time.

And, looking at her, he thought he was; and he admitted it so blandly that he overdid the part. But he didn't know that.

"I fancy," he continued, "that everybody on that train except you and I were Germans. Such a type as sat opposite me ——"

"Which car were you in?" she asked simply.

"Why—in your car ——"

"In *my* car?"

"Why—er—yes," he explained; "you were sitting across the aisle, you know."

"Was I?" she asked with pleasant surprise; "across the aisle from you?"

He grew red; he had certainly supposed that she had noticed him enough to identify him again. Evidently she had not. Mistakes like that are annoying. Every man instinctively supposes himself enough of an entity to be noticed by a pretty woman.

"I had no end of trouble finding out where Beverly was," he said after a minute.

"Oh! And how did you find out?"

"I didn't until I backed into Bailey, yonder. . . . Do you know that I had a curious sort of presentiment that I should find you in this sleigh?"

"That is strange," she said. "When did you have it?"

"In the car—long before you got off."

She thought it most remarkable—rather listlessly.

"Those things happen, you know," he went on; "like thinking of a person you don't expect to see, and looking up and suddenly seeing that very person walking along."

"How does that resemble your case?" she asked.

It didn't. He realized it even before he began to try to explain the similarity. It really didn't matter one way or the other; it was nothing to turn red about, but he was turning. Somehow or other she managed to say things that never permitted that easy, graceful flow of language which characterized him in his normal state. Somehow or other, he felt that he was not doing himself justice. He could converse well enough with people as a rule. Something in that topsy-turvy and maddeningly foolish colloquy with those Germans must have twisted his tongue or unbalanced his logic.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "there's no similarity between the two cases except the basic idea of premonition."

She had been watching him disentangle himself with bright eyes in which something was sparkling—perhaps sympathy and perhaps not. It may have been the faintest glimmer of malice. Perhaps she thought him just a trifle too ornamental—for he was a very good-looking youth—perhaps something in the entire episode appealed to her sense of mischief. Probably even she herself could not explain just why she had thought it funny to see him running for his train, and later entangling himself in a futile word-fest with the conductor and the large mottled man.

"So," she said thoughtfully, "you were obsessed by a premonition."

"Not—er—exactly obsessed," he said suspiciously. Then his face cleared. How could anybody be suspicious of such sweetly-inquiring frankness? "You see," he admitted, "that I—well, I rather hoped you would be going to the Austins'."

"The *Austins'!*" she repeated.

"Yes. I—I couldn't help speculating ——"

"About me?" she asked. "Why should you?"

"I—there was no reason, of course, only I k-kept seeing you without trying to ——"

"Me?"

"Certainly. I—well, I couldn't help seeing you, could I?"

"Not if you were looking at me," she murmured, pressing her muff to her face. Perhaps she was cold.

Again it occurred to him that there was something foolish in her reply. Certainly she was a little difficult to talk to. But then she was young—very young and—close enough to being a beauty to excuse herself from any overstrenuous claim to intellectuality.

"Yes," he said kindly and patiently, "I did see you, and I did hope that you were going to the Austins'. And then I bumped into somebody and there you were. I don't mean," as she raised her pretty eyebrows—"mean that you were Bailey. Good Lord, *what* is the matter with my tongue!" he said, flushing with annoyance. "I don't talk this way usually."

"Don't you?" she managed to whisper behind her muff.

"No, I don't. That conductor's jargon seems to have inoculated me. You will probably not believe it, but I *can* talk the English tongue sometimes ——"

She was laughing now—a clear, delicious, irrepressible little peal that rang sweetly in the frosty air, harmonizing with the chiming sleigh-bells. And he laughed, too, still uncomfortably flushed.

"Do you think it would help if we began all over again?" she asked, looking wickedly at him over her muff. "Let me see—you had an obsession which turned into a premonition that bumped Bailey and you found it wasn't Bailey at all, but a stranger in chinchillas who was going to—*where* did you say she was going? Oh, to the Austins'! *That* is clear, isn't it?"

"About as clear as anything that's happened to me to-night," he said.

"A snowy night does make a difference," she reflected.

"A—a difference?"

"Yes—doesn't it?" she asked innocently.

"I—in *what?*"

"In clearness. Things are clearer by daylight?"

"I don't see—I—exactly how—as a matter of fact I don't follow you at all," he said desperately. "You say things—and they sound all right—but somehow my answers seem queer. *Do* you suppose that German conversation has mentally twisted me?"

Her eyes above the fluffy fur of her muff were bright as stars, but she did not laugh.

"Suppose," she said demurely, "that *you* choose a subject of conversation and try to make sense of it. If you *are* mentally twisted it will be good practice."

"And you will—you won't say things—I mean things not germane to the subject?"

"Did you say German?"

"No, germane."

"Oh! Have *I* been irrelevant, too?"

"Well, you mixed up mental clarity with snowy nights. Of course it was a little joke—I saw that soon enough; I'd have seen it at once, only I *am* rather upset and nervous after that German experience."

She considered him with guileless eyes. He was *too* good-looking, too attractive, too young, and far too much pleased with himself. That was the impression he gave her. And, as he was, in addition, plainly one of her own sort, a man she was likely to meet anywhere—a well-bred, well-mannered and agreeable young fellow, probably a recent undergraduate, which might account for his really inoffensive breeziness—she felt perfectly at ease with him and safe enough to continue imprudently her mischief.

"If you are going to begin at the beginning," she said, "perhaps it might steady your nerves to repeat your own name very slowly and distinctly. Physicians recommend it sometimes," she added seriously.

"My name is John Seabury," he said laughing. "Am I lucid?"

"Lucid so far," she said gravely. "I knew a Lily Seabury ——"

"My sister. She's in Paris."

"Yes, I knew that, too," mused the girl, looking at him in a different light—different in this way, that his credentials were now unquestionable, and she could be as mischievous as she pleased with the minimum of imprudence.

"Do you ever take the advice of physicians," he asked naïvely, "about repeating names?"

"Seldom," she said. "I don't require the treatment."

"I was only wondering ——"

"You were wondering what C. G. stood for on my satchel? I will be very glad to tell you, Mr. Seabury. *C* stands for Cecil, and *G* for Gay; Cecil Gay. Is that lucid?"

"Cecil!" he said; "that's a man's name."

"How rude! It is *my* name. Now, do you think your mental calibre requires any more reboring?"

"Oh, you know about calibres and things. Do you shoot? I *can* talk about dogs and guns. Listen to me, Miss Gay." The subject shifted from shooting to fishing, and from hunting to driving four-in-hand, and eventually came back to the horses and the quaint depot-sleigh which was whirling them so swiftly toward their destination.

"Jack Austin and I were at Harvard," he observed.

"Oh—recently?"

"Last year."

"I thought so."

"Why?" he asked.

"Oh, I suppose it was one of those obsessed premonitions ——"

"You are laughing at me, Miss Gay."

"Am I? Why?"

"Why? How on earth is a man to know why? *I* don't know why you do it, but you do—all the time."

"Not *all* the time, Mr. Seabury, because I don't know you well enough."

"But you know my sister!"

"Yes. She is a dear."

"Won't that introduce me? And, besides, you know Jack Austin ——"

"No, I don't."

"Isn't that odd?" he said. "You don't know Jack Austin and I don't know Mrs. Austin. It was nice of her to ask me. They say she is one of the best ever."

"It was certainly nice of her to ask you," said the girl, eyes brightening over her muff.

"I was in Europe when they were married," he said. "I suppose you were there."

"No, I wasn't. That sounds rather strange, doesn't it?"

"Why, yes, rather!" he replied looking up at her in his boyish, perplexed way. And for a moment her heart failed her; he *was* nice, but also he was a living temptation. Never before in all her brief life had she been tempted to do to anybody what she was doing to him. She had often been imprudent in a circumspect way—conventionally unconventional at times—even a little daring. Sheer audacity she had drawn the line at, and now the impulse to cross that line had been too much for her. But even she did not know exactly why temptation had overcome her.

There was something that she ought to tell him—and tell him at once. Yet, after all, it was really already too late to tell him—had been too late from the first. Fate, Chance and Destiny, the Mystic Three, disguised, as usual, one as a German conductor; one as a large mottled man;

"Tell Me, in Whose House Am I?"

the other as a furry footman, had been bumped by Seabury and jeered at by a girl wearing dark blue eyes and chinchillas. And now the affronted Three were taking exclusive charge of John Seabury and Cecil Gay. She was partly aware of this; she did not feel inclined to interfere where interference could do no good. And that being the case, why not extract amusement from matters as they stood? Alas, it is not well to laugh at the Mystic Three! But Cecil Gay didn't know that. You see, even she didn't know everything.

. . . . . .

"You will like Jack Austin," he asserted.

"Really?"

"I'm willing to bet ——"

"Oh, wait till we know one another officially before we begin to make wagers. . . . Still, I might, perhaps, safely wager that I shall not find your friend Jack Austin very agreeable to-night."

So they settled the terms of the wager; cigarettes versus the inevitable bonbons.

"Everybody likes Jack Austin on sight," he said triumphantly, "so you may as well send the cigarettes when you are ready;" and he mentioned the brand.

"You will never smoke those cigarettes," she mused aloud, looking dreamily at him, her muff pressed alongside of her pretty cheek. "Tell me, Mr. Seabury, are you vindictive?"

"Not very."

"Revengeful?"

"Well—no, I don't think so," he replied. "Why?"

"I'm much relieved," she said simply.

"Why?"

"Because I've done a dreadful thing—perfectly dreadful."

"To me?"

She nodded.

Perplexed and curious, he attempted to learn what she meant, but she parried everything smiling. And now, the faster the horses sped, the faster her pulses beat, and the more uncertain and repentant she became until her uncertainty increased to a miniature panic, and, thoroughly scared, she relapsed into a silence from which he found it beyond his powers to lure her.

For already a bright light was streaming out toward them from somewhere ahead. In its rays the falling snow turned golden, every separate flake distinct as they passed a great gate with the lodge beside it and went spinning away along a splendid wooded avenue and then straight up toward a great house, every window ablaze with light.

John Seabury jumped out and offered his aid to Cecil Gay as several servants appeared under the porte-cochère.

"I had no idea that Jack Austin lived so splendidly," he whispered to Miss Gay, as they entered the big hall.

But she was past speech now—a thoroughly scared girl; and she lost no time in following a maid into the elevator, whither Seabury presently followed her in tow of a man-servant.

"Luxury! Great Scott," thought Seabury. "This dubbing a palace a cottage is the worst sort of affectation, and I'll tell Jack Austin so, too."

The elevator stopped; the doors clicked open; Seabury turned smilingly to Cecil Gay, but she hurried past him, crimson-cheeked, head bent, and he followed his pilot to his room.

"Dinner is hannounced at 'awf awfter height, sir," announced the man with dignity.

"Thank you," said Seabury, watching a valet do sleight-of-hand tricks with the contents of his suit-case. And when he was alone he hopped nimbly out of his apparel and into a bath and out again in a high state of excitement, talking to himself all the while he was dressing.

"Good old Jack! The Mrs. must have had the means to do this sort of thing so well. I'm delighted!—de—lighted! . . . If ever a man deserved affluence, it's Jack Austin! It suits him. It will do him good. It becomes him. . . . Plucky fellow to go on grinding at the law! . . . Only thing to do, of course—decent thing to do—self-respect and all that. . . . But, by jingo!"—he looked about him as he stood buttoning his collar. "Hah!"—stepping to the wall and examining a picture—"Great Jenkins!—why, here's a real Fortuny!—in a *bedroom!*"

He cared for good pictures, and he stood before the exquisite aquarelle as long as he dared. Then, glancing at his watch, he completed his toilet, opened his door, and, scorning the lift, fled blithely down the great staircase, on pleasing bent—and on being pleased.

A big drawing-room, charmingly lighted, and gay already with the chatter and laughter of a very jolly throng—this is what confronted him as a servant offered him a tray containing cards.

"I don't see my name here," he said, examining the slim envelopes.

"Beg pardon, sir—what name, sir?"

"Mr. Seabury."

The servant looked and Seabury looked in vain.

"An oversight," commented the young fellow coolly. "I'll ask Mrs. Austin about it." And he walked in, and, singling out the hostess, advanced with smiling confidence, thinking to himself: "She *is* pretty; Jack's right. But—but, by George!—she looks like Cecil Gay!"

His hostess received him very charmingly, saying that it was so good of him to come; and he said it was so good of her to have asked him, and then they said several similar things. He spoke of Jack—mentioning him and continuing to another subject; and she smiled a trifle uncertainly. Her smile was still more vague and uncertain when he laughingly mentioned the dinner-cards; and she said it was a vexing oversight and would be immediately arranged—glancing rather sharply at an amiable gentleman standing near her. And this amiable gentleman came up to Seabury and shook hands very cordially, and said several agreeable things to which Seabury responded, until new arrivals separated him from his hostess and the amiable gentleman, and he fell back and glanced about him. And, after a little while an odd expression came into his eyes; he stood very still; a slight flush slowly spread over his face which had grown firmer. In a few moments the color went as it had come, slowly; the faint glitter died out in his eyes.

There were several people he knew among the guests; he nodded quietly to young Van Guilder, to Brimwell and

others, then crossed to speak to Catherine Hyland and Dorothy Minster. He was very agreeable, but a little distrait. He seemed to have something on his mind.

Meanwhile his hostess was saying to her husband: "Who is that, Jim?" And her husband said: "You can search me. Didn't you ask him?" And his wife responded: "He's talking to nearly everybody. It's curious, isn't it?" Here she was interrupted by the flushed entrance of her unmarried sister, Cecil Gay.

Meanwhile, Seabury was saying coolly: "I haven't seen Jack yet."

"Jack?" repeated Dorothy Minster. "Which Jack?"

"Jack Austin."

"Oh," said Miss Minster, who did not know him; "is he to be here?"

But Seabury only smiled vaguely. His mind, his eyes, his attention were fixed upon a vision of loveliness in the foreground—a charmingly flushed young girl who knew everybody and was evidently a tremendous favorite, judging from the gay greetings, the little volleys of laughter, and the animated stirring of groups among which she passed.

Watching her, quite oblivious to his surroundings, the servant at his elbow was obliged to cough discreetly half a dozen times and repeat "Beg pardon, sir," before he turned to notice the silver salver extended.

"Oh—thank you," he said, picking up an envelope directed, "Mr. Seabury," and opening it. Then, a trifle surprised but smiling, he turned to find the girl whose name was written on the card. She was speaking to the hostess and the amiable man who had first greeted him. And this is what he didn't hear as he watched her, waiting grimly for a chance at her:

"Cecil! *Who* is that very young man?"

"Betty, how should *I* know ——"

"Look here, Cis," from the amiable gentleman; "this is some of your deviltry ——"

"Oh, *thank* you, Jim!"

"Yes it is. Who is he and where did you rope him?"

"Jim!"

"Cecil! What nonsense is this?" demanded her hostess and elder sister. "How did he get here and who is he?"

"I did *not* bring him, Betty. He simply came."

"How?"

"In the depot-sleigh, of course ——"

"With *you?*"

"Certainly. He wanted to come. He *would* come! I couldn't turn him out, could I—after he climbed in?"

Host and hostess glared at their flushed and defiant relative, who tried to look saucy, but only looked scared. "*He* doesn't know he's made a mistake," she faltered; "and there's no need to tell him yet—is there? . . . I put my name down on his card; he'll take me in. . . . Jim, don't, for Heaven's sake, say anything if he calls Betty Mrs. Austin. Oh, Jim, be decent, please! I *was* a fool to do it; I don't know what possessed me! Wait until to-morrow before you say anything! Besides, he may be furious! Please wait until I'm out of the house. He'll breakfast late, I hope; and I promise you I'll be up early and off by the seven o'clock train ——"

"In Heaven's name, who *is* he?" broke in the amiable man so fiercely that Cecil jumped.

"He's only Lily Seabury's brother," she said meekly, "and he thinks he's at the Austins'—and he might as well be, because he knows half the people here, and I've simply *got* to keep him out of their way so that nobody can tell him where he is. Oh, Betty—I've spoiled my own Christmas fun, and his too! *Is* there any way to get him to the Austins' now?"

"The Jack Austins' of Beverly!" exclaimed her sister incredulously. "Of course not!"

"And you *let* him think he was on his way there?" demanded her brother-in-law. "Well—you—are—the—limit!"

"So is *he*," murmured the abashed maid, slinking back to give place to a new and last arrival. Then she turned her guilty face in a sort of panic of premonition. She was a true prophetess: Seabury had seen his chance and was coming. And that's what comes of mocking the Mystic Three and cutting capers before High Heaven.

II

HE HAD taken her in and was apparently climbing rapidly through the seven Heavens of rapture—having arrived as far as the third unchecked and without mishap. It is not probable that she kept pace with him: she had other things to think of.

Dinner was served at small tables; and it required all her will, all her limited experience, every atom of her intelligence, to keep him from talking about things that meant exposure for her. Never apparently had he been so flattered by any individual girl's attention; she was gay, witty, audacious, charming, leading and carrying every theme to a scintillating conclusion.

The other four people at their table he had not met before—she had seen to that—and it proved to be a very jolly group, and there was a steady, gay tumult of voices around it, swept by little gusts of laughter; and he knew perfectly well that he had never had such a good time as he was having—had never been so clever, so interesting, so quick with his wit, so amusing. He had never seen such a girl as had been allotted to him—never! Besides, something else had nerved him to do his best. And he was doing it.

"It's a curious thing," he said, with that odd new smile of his, "what a resemblance there is between you and Mrs. Austin."

"What Mrs. Austin?" began the girl opposite; but got no further, for Cecil Gay was appealing to him to act as arbiter in a disputed Bridge question; and he did so with nice discrimination and a logical explanation which tided matters over that time. But it was a close call; and the color had not all returned to Cecil's cheeks when he finished, with great credit to his own reputation as a Bridge expert.

(Continued on Page 20)

The Casting Out of Jimmy Myers

By William Allen White

IT SEEMED a cruel thing to do, but we had to do it. For ours is ordinarily a quiet office. We have never had a libel suit. We have had fewer fights than most newspaper offices have, and, while it hardly may be said that we strive to please, still in the main we try to get on with the people, and tell them as much truth as they are entitled to for ten cents a week. Naturally, we do our best to get up a sprightly paper and in that the Myers boy had our idea exactly. Also he was industrious. More than that, he tried with all his might to exercise his best judgment, and no one could say that he was careless. But every one around the office admitted that he was unlucky. He was one of those persons who always have slivers on their doors or tar on the knocker when opportunity comes their way. So his stay in the office was marked by a series of seismic disturbances in the paper that came from under his desk, and yet he was in no way to blame for them.

We took him from the college at the edge of town. He had been running the college paper for a year, and knew the merchants around town fairly well, and as he was equipped so far as education went he seemed to be a likely sort of a boy for reporter and advertising solicitor.

One of the first things that happened to him was a mistake in an item about the opera house. He said that a syndicate had taken a lien on it. What he meant was a lease, and as he got the item from a man who didn't know the difference, and as the boy stuck to it that the man had said lien and not lease, we didn't charge that up to him. A few days later he wrote a paid local for a town photographer criticising some one who was going around the county peddling picture-frames and taking orders for enlarged pictures. That was not so bad, but it turned out that the pedler was a woman, and she got a rawhide and camped in the office for two days for Jimmy, while he came in and out of the back door, stuck his copy on the hook by stealth, and traveled only in the alleys to get his news. One could hardly say that he was to blame for that either, as the photographer who paid for the item didn't say the pedler was a woman, and the boy was no clairvoyant.

It wasn't Jimmy's Fault

One dull day he got up an item about the gang who played poker at night in Red Martin's room. Jimmy said he wasn't afraid of Red, and he wasn't. The item was popular enough, and led to a raid on the place which disclosed our best advertiser sitting in the game. To suppress his name meant our shame before the town; to print it meant his—at our expense. It was embarrassing. And still it wasn't exactly the boy's fault. It was just one of those unfortunate circumstances that come up in life. But the advertiser aforesaid began to hate the boy.

He must have been used to injustice all his life, for there was a vertical line between his eyes that marked trouble. The line deepened as he went further and further into the newspaper business. For, generally speaking, a person who is unlucky has less to fear handling dynamite than he has writing local items on a country paper.

A few days after the raid on the poker-room, Jimmy, who writes a particularly legible hand, wrote:

"The hem of her skirt was attractively trimmed with pink crushed roses," and he was in no way to blame for the fact that the printer accidentally put an "h" for a "k" in skirt, though the woman's husband chased Jimmy into a culvert across Main Street and kept him there most of the forenoon, while the cheering crowd gathered and informed the injured husband whenever Jimmy tried to get out of either end of his prison.

The printer who made the mistake bought Jimmy a new suit of clothes and we managed to print an apology that cooled the husband's wrath, and for ten days, or perhaps two weeks, the boy's life was one round of joy. Everything was done promptly, accurately and with remarkable intelligence. He whistled at his work and stacked up more copy than the printers could set up. No man ever got in or out of town without having his name in our paper. Jimmy wrote up a railroad bond election meeting so fairly that he pleased both sides, and reported a murder trial so well that the lawyers for each side kept the boy's pockets full of ten-cent cigars. The vertical wrinkle was fading from his forehead, when one fine summer morning he brought in a paid item from a hardware merchant, and went blithely out to write up the funeral of the wife of a prominent citizen. He was so cheerful that day that it bothered him. He told us in confidence that he never felt festive and gay that something didn't happen. It was always that way with him, he explained. He was not in the office when the paper went to press that evening, but after it was printed and the carriers had left the office he came in, singing She's My Sweetheart, I'm Her Beau, and sat down to read the paper.

Suddenly the smile on his face withered as in a frost, and he handed the paper across the table to the bookkeeper, who read this item:

DIED—MRS. LILLIAN GILSEY

Prepare for the hot weather, my good woman. There is only one way now; get a gasoline stove, of Hurley & Co., and you need not fear any future heat.

And it wasn't Jimmy's fault. The foreman had merely misplaced the head over the obituary, but that explanation didn't satisfy the bereaved family.

Jimmy was beginning to acquire a reputation as a joker. People refused to believe that those things just happened. They didn't happen before Mr. James Myers came to the paper—why should they begin with his coming and continue during his engagement? Thus reasoned the comforters of the Gilseys, and those interested in our downfall. The Statesman the next day wrote a burning editorial denouncing us "for an utter lack of all sense of common decency" that permitted us "to violate the sacredest feeling known to the human heart for the sake of getting a ribald laugh from the unthinking." We were two weeks explaining that the error was not the boy's fault. People assumed that the mistake could not have occurred in any well-regulated printing office, and it didn't seem probable that it could occur—yet there it was. But Jimmy wasn't to blame. He suffered more than we did—more than the bereaved family did. He went unshaven and forgot to trim his cuffs or turn his collar. He hated to go on the streets for news, and covered as much of his beat with the office telephone as possible.

The summer wore away and the dog days came. The Democratic State campaign was to open in our town, and orators and statesmen assembled from all over the Missouri valley. There was a lack of flags at the dry-goods stores. The Fourth of July celebration had taken all the stock. The only materials available were some red bunting, some white bunting and some blue bunting with stars dotted upon it. With this the Committee on Reception covered the speakers' stand, wrapping the canopy under which the orators stood in the solid colors and the star-spangled blue. It was beautiful to see, and the pride of the window-dresser of the Golden Eagle Clothing Store. But the old soldiers who walked by nudged one another and smiled.

About noon the day of the speaking, the City Clerk, who wore the little bronze button of the G. A. R., asked Jimmy if he didn't want some one to take care of the Democratic meeting. Jimmy, who hated politics, was running his legs off getting the names of the visitors, and was glad to have the help. He turned in the contributed copy without reading it, as he had done with the City Clerk's articles many times before, and this is what greeted his horrified eyes when he read the paper:

"UNDER THE STARS & BARS."

DEMOCRACY OPENS ITS STATE CAMPAIGN UNDER THE REBEL EMBLEM TO-DAY.

A FITTING TOKEN.

TREASONABLE UTTERANCES HAVE A PROPER SETTING.

And then followed half a column of most violent abuse of the Democrats who had charge of the affair. Jimmy did not appear on the street that night, but the next morning, when he came down, the office was crowded with indignant Democrats "stopping the paper."

We began to feel uneasy about Jimmy. So long as his face was in the eclipse of grief there seemed to be a probability that we would have no trouble, but as soon as his moon began to shine we were nervous.

Jimmy had a peculiar knack of getting up little stories of the town—not exactly news stories, but little odd bits that made people smile without rancor when they saw their names in the quaintly turned items. One day he wrote up a story of a little boy whose mother asked him where he got a dollar that he was flourishing on his return with his father from a visit to Kansas City. The little boy's answer was that his father gave it to him for calling him uncle when any ladies were around. It was merrily spun, and we knew that it wouldn't make John Lusk, the boy's father, mad, so we printed it, and Jimmy put at the head of it a foolish little verse of Kipling's. Miss Larrabee, at the bottom of her society column, announced the engagement of two prominent young people in town. The Saturday paper was unusually readable. But when Jimmy came in after the paper was out, he found Miss Larrabee in tears, and the foreman leaning over the counter laughing so that he couldn't speak. It wasn't Jimmy's fault. The foreman had done it—by the mere transposition of a little brass rule separating the society news from Jimmy's story with the Kipling verse at the head of it. The rule tacked the Kipling verse on to Miss Larrabee's article announcing the engagement. Here is the way it read:

And Camped in the Office for Two Days, Looking for Jimmy

This marriage, which will take place at St. Andrew's Church, will unite two of the most popular young people in town and two of the best-known families in the State.

And this is the sorrowful story
Told as the twilight fails,
While the monkeys are walking together,
Holding each other's tails!

Now, Jimmy was no more to blame than Miss Larrabee, and many people thought, and think to this day, that Miss Larrabee did it—and did it on purpose. But for all that it cast clouds over the moon of Jimmy's countenance, and it was nearly a year before he regained his merry heart. He was nervous, and whenever he saw a man coming toward the office with a paper in his hand Jimmy would dash out of the room to avoid the meeting. For an hour after the paper was out, the ringing of the telephone bell would make him start. He didn't know what was going to happen next.

But as the months rolled by he became calm, and when Governor Antrobus died, Jimmy got up a remarkably good story of his life and achievements, and though there was no family left to the dear old man to buy extra copies, all the old settlers—who are the hardest people in the world to please—bought extra copies for their scrapbooks. We were proud of Jimmy, and assigned him to write up the funeral. That was to be a "day of triumph in Capua." There being no relatives to interfere, the lodges of the town—and the Governor was known as a "jiner"—had vied with one another to make the funeral the greatest rooster-feather show ever given in the State. The whole town turned out, and the foreman of our office and every one in the back room who could be spared were at the Governor's funeral, wearing a plume, a tin sword, a red leather belt, or a sash of some kind. We put a tramp printer on to make up the paper, and told Jimmy to call by the undertaker's for a paid local which the undertaker had written that day.

Jimmy's face was beaming as he snuggled up to his desk at three o'clock that afternoon. He said he had a great story—names of the pall-bearers, names of the double sextette choir, names of all the chaplains of all the lodges who read their rituals, names of distinguished guests from abroad, names of the ushers at the church. Page by page he tore off his copy and gave it to the tramp printer, who took it in to the machines. Trusting the foreman to read the proof, Jimmy rushed out to get an interview for the Kansas City Star on the sugar scandal, with a United States Senator who was attending the funeral.

The rest of us did not get back from the cemetery until the carriers had left the office. And this is what we found:

The solemn moan of the organ had scarcely died away, like a quivering sob upon the fragrant air, when the mournful procession of citizens began filing past the flower-laden bier to view the calm face of their beloved friend and honored townsman. In the grief-stricken hush that followed might be heard the stifled woe of some old comrade as he paused for the last time before the coffin.

At this particular time we desire to call the attention of our readers to the admirable work done by our hustling young undertaker, J. B. Morgan. He has been in the city but a short time, yet by his efficient work and careful attention to duty, he has built up an enviable reputation and an excellent custom among the best families of the city. All work done with neatness and dispatch. We strive to please.

When the last sad mourner had filed out, the pall-bearers took up their sorrowful task, and slowly, as the band played the Dead March in Saul, the throng in the street viewed the mortal remains of Governor Antrobus start on their last long journey.

Of course it wasn't Jimmy's fault. The "rising young undertaker" had paid the tramp printer, who made up the forms, five dollars to work his paid local in the funeral notice. But after that—Jimmy had to go. Public sentiment would no longer stand him as a reporter on the paper, and we gave him a good letter and sent him onward and upward. He took his dismissal decently enough. He realized that his luck was against him; he knew we had borne with him in all patience.

The day he left he was instructing the new man in the ways of the town. Reverend Milligan came in with a church notice. Jimmy took the notice and began marking it for the printer. As the door behind him opened and closed, Jimmy, with his head still in his work, called across the room to the new man: "That was old Milligan that just went out—beware of him. He will load you up with truck about himself. He rings in his sermons; trots around with church social notices that ought to be paid for, and tries to get them in free; likes to be referred to as doctor; slips in mean items about his congregation, if you don't watch him; and insists on talking religion Saturday morning when you are too busy to spit. More than that, he has an awful breath—cut him out; he will make life a burden if you don't—and if you do he will go to the old man with it, and say you are not treating him right."

There was a rattling and a scratching on the wire partition between Jimmy and the door. Jimmy looked up from his work and saw the sprightly little figure of Parson Milligan coming over the railing like a monkey. He had not gone out of the door—a printer had come in when it opened and shut.

And then Jimmy took his last flying trip out of the back door of the office, down the alley, "toward the sunset's purple rim." And it was not his fault. He was only telling the truth—where it would do the most good.

Reverend Milligan Came in with a Church Notice

THE WASTEFUL WEST

Where the Timber Went: The Story of a Giant Industry and a Gigantic Greed

By EMERSON HOUGH

A FEW years ago there came to a locality in the upper Rocky Mountains a German sportsman of rank entitling him in his own country to be called *hochgeboren*. He brought with him a varied armament and wore, among other things, a finely-woven shirt of mail—being in search of buffalo, grizzlies and Indians, and not lacking specific European advices as to the proper outfit. His guide, after the manner of the Rockies, accepted him philosophically, and gave him the key of the country, to the continual amaze of the visitor, who never ceased to wonder that no one seemed to care what he did. At night he would sit looking at the vast camp-fire, muttering to himself. At length he voiced what was on his soul.

"I wonder if, in this great country of America," he said, "I could have my lifelong wish."

"What was it?" asked his guide.

"All my life," the German replied, "I have longed to cut down a tree."

The guide handed him the axe. "Cut down a thousand," said he. So with many haggling strokes the foreigner finally worried down a tall pine. "There," said he, joy shining through his perspiration, "I have done it!"

"And a mercy you didn't cut off your legs," said the guide.

"In my country," the foreigner explained, "it is not permitted to cut a tree. Is there nothing to pay? Whose estate is this?"

"God A'mighty's, I reckon," said the guide.

The German perhaps knew, what the American did not, that the Duchy of Baden in Europe annually clears up $667,000 from 240,000 acres of forest lands; that Württemberg derives an annual income of $1,700,000 from 418,000 acres; that the forests of Saxony annually produce $2,000,000 and still retain their primeval aspect. Bohemia, he might have told the guide, long ago solved the problem of supporting a population and still keeping her forests virginal. The cutting of trees, an open privilege for every man in America, is in France regulated by the *Code Forestier*, laws framed in 1827 upon the ordinance of Colbert, which latter dates to 1669, and itself is based on laws harking back to the time of Charles the Wise, in the fourteenth century. It was no wonder that the European asked: "What is there to pay?"

What was the Price?

WHAT was to pay, after all? The fallen pine tree, which no land could have grown in less than three hundred years, lay there prone in the estate of the Almighty—which no man or government can increase or extend—ready for its soft and slow enshrouding. The loosening bark, and the creeping mosses, and the naked boughs would soon tell the story of death, a long death; until the steward of the estate of the Almighty should in good time raise up another tree, perhaps for another race than ours. What was to pay for the tree? Perhaps very much in desolation, and shame, and ill omen for the future.

We Americans have forgotten that the estates of the Almighty are not wider than this planet, and that their plantings are solemnly slow in maturing. We have treated our forests as though they were fields which would spring again full flowered in the following year. This temperate zone of America was indeed the garden of the Lord. There never was a land more rich in natural resources. We have used this wealth as spendthrifts, as children, as savages and worse than savages.

The first American sawmill of any consequence was built in Vermont in 1643. From that time on the course of the sawmill westward has been an accelerating one. In 1830 there were several sawmills on the St. Clair River, in Eastern Michigan, adjacent to vast bodies of splendid pine. In that same year, odd to relate, Chicago was importing lumber by ox-team from the Alleghany Mountains. In 1860 the lumber business was a vast one. In 1870 the per-capita consumption of lumber in the United States was 494 feet per annum. To-day it is 780 feet per capita per annum. Even in these days of scarcity, we use more lumber per capita than any people in the world.

How the Ravage Grew

THESE figures may be the more plain if we compare them with others. The financial interests of America are claimed to represent something like $96,000,000,000. Our forests have given us $25,000,000,000 to $30,000,000,000—one-quarter, or, say, one-third, of the financial value of the entire country!

The gold product of California from 1848 to 1890 amounted to $1,348,000,000. The lumber interests in the single year of 1890 amounted to $1,345,000,000—or very nearly as much in one year as California had produced in gold in fifty years!

In 1895 all the products of the soil—gold, oil, iron, etc.—amounted to $540,000,000. To this should be added a wheat crop whose value was $400,000,000—that is to say, the mined and cultivated soil of America in one year produced $940,000,000. The uncultivated and devastated forests in that year produced $1,335,000,000!

Figures like these—which spell sheer waste without any hint of resupply or reproduction; exhaustion pure and simple—point rather sternly toward the old law of supply and demand. We cannot stretch our lumber regions any more than we can stretch the surface of the earth. The figures bearing upon demand are colossal. The figures covering the supply, and the waste and ruin of the supply, are more than colossal; they are terrifying.

In Michigan there stood originally about 300,000,000,000 feet of white pine. Up to 1897 there had been cut in the history of this State only 165,000,000,000 feet; yet that year there remained less than 2,000,000,000 feet; and there is practically none to-day. What became of the rest of that magnificent white pine? It disappeared, and for it there was nothing to pay—nothing but shame and desolation and future want.

For a long time the scale of production steadily increased in the West. Thus, in 1845, the city of Chicago imported just 500 feet of black walnut lumber, and had to send it East to sell it. The space between that date and this has marked the passing of the black walnut. In 1833 Chicago handled only 30,000 feet of pine lumber. In the next ten years the product jumped to 7,500,000 feet; in another ten to 202,000,000 feet. In 1863 the product of Chicago was 413,000,000 feet, in round numbers. In 1873 it was 1,123,368,671 feet. The year 1883 saw an increase over these figures of approximately 7,000,000 feet. Then the figures began to go the other way. In 1893 the Chicago product was but 5,000,000 feet more than it had been twenty years earlier. These figures apply to white pine alone, for no other pine was marketed. To-day Norway and white pine are figured as the same in the statistics. The white pine as a tree is extinct so far as this generation and the next two following it are concerned.

The figures regarding the enormous wealth of our native Western forests grow immensely larger if we venture to include hardwood with the pine product. Thus the State of Michigan some years ago had marketed a total of 165,000,000,000 feet of pine and 50,000,000,000 in hardwood. Minnesota had turned out 36,000,000,000 feet in pine and 5,000,000,000 in hardwood. This schedule stops at 1897 and does not bring the totals to the present date, but it shows that three Western States had eight years ago produced 333,000,000,000 feet of lumber in sixty years. In actual money value and at a low estimate this means $4,196,428,262. If we had our forests back again we could afford to wage two Civil Wars and not be in debt for either.

But let us go softly. These figures by no means cover all the wealth we once had in our forests in these three States. A great many authorities say that fires and other causes destroyed as much pine lumber as there was ever marketed. Mr. George Hotchkiss, one of the most careful statisticians in these matters, thinks that hardly so much timber as this was actually destroyed, but says the amount would be "at least one-third or one-half of that actually marketed." In what other sort of non-insurable merchandizing does one burn half his stock-in-trade? What mine throws away half its ore? What railroad declines one-half its traffic?

It takes a great deal to jar the average American citizen into either forecast or retrospect. He lives strictly in to-day. There was one Chicago man, however, who not long ago literally was jarred into some sort of an understanding of the situation as regards the lumber supply. He had been living a strenuous city life for twenty years when he had a bad fall and suffered a stroke of paralysis; wherefore he took the advice of his physician, who counseled him to go back home and take a rest. "Back home" was a little town in a Western prairie State. His parents had been dead for years, but he found the old house and hobbled through the ancestral halls in half-humorous examination of what had once seemed a certain splendor. His father had been a lumber merchant in the early days, and had built an edifice suitable for the home of a leading citizen.

When the Wood was Plenty

THE man ran his hand in half affection along the dark rail of the old baluster down which he was wont to slide in his boyhood days. It was heavy black walnut. "Great Scott!" said he to himself. "That's worth a lot of money! You couldn't get a piece like that to-day anywhere that I know of." His eyes turned toward the heavy oak beam of the dining-room. "Oak!" he exclaimed. "What a waste! Why, you can't get oak like that, in that size and clear, anywhere to-day." He remembered that some friend had told him that export merchants now had to go to Kentucky, Mississippi, Arkansas, and he knew not

where else, to get the clear oak needed for what is known as tight barrels—casks for wine, oil, liquors and the like. He knew that stave material, such as is locally called "Slavonian stave stuff," required oak, and only the best of oak. He had heard vaguely that these exporters had cut the choicest of the oak in Kentucky, Tennessee and Mississippi, and that now they were using other woods—elm, basswood, everything, even red gum—for barrels not required to be water-tight. He even recalled that some man curious in figures had told him that the *waste* in white oak alone—a horrible, terrifying waste in the total—would have built the Panama Canal! Of course, he had paid no attention to these figures.

His eyes turned next to the doors of the old house—soft doors, pine, painted white after the old fashion. He put on his glasses, and ran his hand up and down the long, smooth grain. "Great Scott!" he exclaimed again. "Why, this wood is clear as sheet metal. It would be worth a hundred dollars a thousand feet—if you could get it." He recalled also that in his father's lumber-yard, where he had stacked boards through many wearying youthful hours, they sold such wood—clear, sapless, knotless, sweet and soft—at twenty-eight to forty dollars per thousand feet, eleven hundred miles from the place where it was cut. They never paid much attention in the old days, he recalled, if a twenty-foot board got into the sixteen-foot pile or even the fourteen-foot pile. Common lumber, as he remembered, sold at ten or twelve dollars per thousand, and fencing, good clear fencing, which would be finishing to-day, never went to twenty dollars per thousand even after the country began to settle up. The city man rapped reminiscently with his knuckles on the door. "They use wood like that to-day for piano sounding-boards," he said—"and they can't get it!"

Now, there are only two things which a city man to-day can do with what surplus money he has—give it to some man in New York, or build a flat building. The city man in question concluded to do the latter. His real-estate agent explained that a seven-room, mahogany-finished flat would rent for seventy-five dollars per month. His architect explained that mahogany to-day is made out of birch, stained. His contractor explained that stained "mahogany" would, of course, in steam heat warp and shrink out of all conscience. But what did he expect? Pine? Pine! Why, pine like the old finishings would cost him eighty-five dollars per thousand at the lowest. "Your father's house?" said the contractor. "Your father's grandmother! There *isn't* any pine."

"Where has it gone?" asked the city man, irritated. The contractor had no time to answer that, and he had to figure it out for himself.

In the Path of Devastating Fires

IT CHANCED that the physician gave this same paralytic patient instructions to go trout fishing. He did so, ignorant at the time that the brook trout goes with the other Laurentian products—granite boulders and pine forests. He found himself one spring day riding northward in the lower peninsula of Michigan, in company with the president of the railroad on which they had traveled, and a lumber dealer of extensive operations in the city of Saginaw. They disembarked at the town of Alpena, and drove thirty miles southward across what was once the richest pine region that ever lay out-of-doors—one responsible for several United States Senatorships and a Cabinet position or two in its time. It was a wilderness still, but not one of green. Tall snags of weathered, barkless pine, half cankered out with black, shorter stumps where the fire had eaten quite through, long pillars of gray and black lying prone, or mounds of loam, the whole intertwined with briers and sometimes covered with rank growth of quaking asp—such was the scene for more than thirty miles. The paralytic was silent as he gazed. He began to understand something about the price of pine.

"This," said the railroad president at length, "is a fair sample of America. For twenty miles hereabouts there was never an axe put into this pine; and it was the finest cork pine that ever grew. Waste? It's horrible!

"You see," went on the railroad president, not regarding the grim silence of the lumberman at his side, "our early lumbermen were pirates, and incidentally fools. No earthly care was taken with the slashed-off tops of the trees. The next year after a crew began to lumber fire was sure to break out, and where it would run to you can see by these records. Waste? It was a crime!" He could only wave his hand about him at this black valley of the shadow of death.

"Well, you see," remarked the lumberman, "we had to learn by experience. For a great many years here in Southern Michigan no attempt was made to handle a tree after fire had touched it. We just allowed the log to lie, and next year the borers got in under the bark, and that was the end of the log. Later we learned how to save timber which had been singed. When they first began to cut pine—indeed, that was the practice up well into my business days—they cut only the blazed trees which had been selected by the company's experts—those which would turn out good, clear lumber. This first cutting was not more than twenty-five per cent. of the total stumpage, yet that twenty-five per cent. cost the annual fire, and that fire would kill all the other seventy-five per cent.; so that for a long time there was about three times as much pine burned here in Michigan as was marketed."

The paralytic gasped. "Oh, well," went on the lumberman, "there was no scientific lumbering in those days."

"There isn't to-day, for that matter," said the railroad president. "A chopper will fell a tree in such a way that it will kill twenty small trees. Who cares for that? So far we have always been able to go a little farther West and get another tree. There is a saying that no one ever bought an acre of pine and sold it for less than he gave for it. Maybe you can see some reason for that now."

A Long Hunt for a Pine Forest

WHEN the city man came out from his fishing trip in the heart of this wilderness which was worse than a wilderness, he met at Bay City an old gray man with crooked hands, a lumberman of the old days.

"Well, Johnson," said the railroad president, "what are you doing these days, and where have you been?"

"Louisiana and Texas," replied Johnson. "Loblolly and long-leaf now, and you have to go South for it, and pay twenty-five dollars an acre. It ain't much like the old days," he whined. "Then we got it for two dollars and a half an acre, and cut a thousand feet to a log." The lumberman and the railroad president had little more to say.

The next time the doctor advised the Southwest for his patient, and the owner of flats with real mahogany finish tried New Mexico as a health resort. Craning out of the car window one day, he saw a train-load of logs, and his old interest revived.

"What town is this?" he asked the conductor.

"Alamogordo," was the answer.

"And these logs?"

"They come from the Sacramentos. The road built a spur up there. Yes, we haul out a couple of train-loads a day when we have good luck."

This was in the desert. Where next would men go after logs, the paralytic wondered. When he returned to his home he heard that some of his Saginaw friends had bought two or three hundred thousand acres of pine out in Arizona; whereat he wondered more, the more especially when he learned that they had sold off half their tract a few months later to Uncle Sam for a forest reserve, and had taken in the original price of the whole tract in that transaction! Pine was still going up.

"I think I'll go to Wisconsin next," wrote the paralytic to a friend.

But in Wisconsin he found mostly slashed-off lands and summer resorts. The landscape offered a succession of denuded hills, with here and there a tuft of Norways which had been overlooked. At little towns logging-trains brought in flats loaded with crooked logs, logs with windshakes, logs with huge butts and small average diameter, eight-inch logs, and logs which would cut into four-by-fours that would show bark on every corner. There were cedar logs now mixed with the pine, and spruce cut into pulping lengths. Mixed in with this sorry substitute for clean white pine was some maple, some elm, and quite a bit of birch; at which latter he smiled grimly, recognizing his own "mahogany." He tried to buy a little pine land, but found there was none for sale in any quantity which would warrant operations to-day.

"It's a little late in Wisconsin," wrote the paralytic. "I think I'll go to Minnesota."

He seems not to have been successful in Minnesota in his enterprise of purchasing pine lands, for his next communication was laconic and conclusive. "Same here as in Wisconsin," he wrote. "Sugar beets, turnips, summer resorts and United States Senators, but no pine."

How the Lumbermen Play Politics

AT THE time of the paralytic's visit to Minnesota that Commonwealth was still seething in excitement over an audacious proposition to set aside a little of the uncut pine timber. A few unselfish men, headed by a blue-eyed visionary, Colonel John S. Cooper, of Chicago, wished their grandchildren to see what a pine tree used to look like in the twentieth century. The lumbermen, the local newspapers, and pretty much every one else in Minnesota held up their hands in horror at the thought of any restriction in the cutting of pine, whether or not it belonged to the Indians, and whether or not the cutter had title thereto. A couple of dozen Congressmen journeyed in a body to look into the park matter. They were banqueted in the Twin Cities by the residents. At one of the banquets a certain lumberman had the discourtesy to declare that he proposed to cut his share of that Indian pine in spite of Congress or anybody else.

The threat was discourteous, but hardly idle after all. Congressman Lacey, of Iowa, introduced a bill for the Minnesota Forest Park around the headwaters of the Mississippi River. Representative Tawney, of Minnesota, asked consent of the Speaker to address the House on the bill. The Speaker never recognized Mr. Tawney, nor any one else who expressed any such purpose. The truth of the matter was that the lumbermen of Minnesota had coolly told the Speaker of the House that if the forest reserve bill came up there would be no lumbermen's contribution to the campaign fund of the Minnesota Republican Central Committee. The bill did not come up.

It was Theodore Roosevelt who later really put the Minnesota park bill through, and secured for the people at least a small reservation around the headwaters of the greatest American river, something like three hundred thousand acres. The so-called Morris law of 1902, amendatory of earlier and iniquitous legislation, places some tracts of not yet fully ravaged Indian pine under the supervision of the United States Forester, for reaping the forest and not ruining it. The latter requires the loggers to clear up the slashings and take precautions against fires—the first sane step ever taken in the history of American lumbering operations. It began in the love of a visionary muscallonge fisherman for the pine forests into which his favorite sport had taken him for years. It was an amateur work pure and simple, and was pushed through in spite of graft and politics, almost in spite of the Government rather than under Government initiative or aid. It could never have been opposed save through short-sighted ignorance or unscrupulous personal greed. Incidentally, as showing the value of forestry operations, it is estimated that the Minnesota forestry will pay five per cent.—that is to say, lumber amounting to that will be sold every year from the reserve lands. How many safe investments are there to-day which will pay five per cent.?

But these forest reserve matters were of no special interest at the time to the impatient paralytic in question. "I bought some shingles for my summer house on Lake Minnetonka, near Minneapolis," he wrote, "and they looked red to me. I asked what part of Minnesota they came from. They told me they were cedar, and came all the way from Washington. What do you think of that? I am going out to Washington to see if I can get a little pine land there."

He went to Washington; but unfortunately he found that several other gentlemen had arrived there ahead of him. He could get some pine, yes, and much fir, pretty well up in the high mountains. He might get a tract which would serve for lumbering operations; the pine lands agent was not quite sure. He was of the opinion that the big concerns controlled most of the only avenues by which the pine could be got out to the markets—just as the old lumbermen in Wisconsin and Minnesota used to hold back the owners of pine farther up the streams than themselves. As much of this Washington lumber stood on country which was edgewise to the sky, the paralytic concluded that he would not invest in Washington. "I am going to drop down to 'Frisco," he wrote. "I hear there is considerable lumbering going on in Northern California."

In 'Frisco he met a mournful man from Michigan, an old lumberman, who admitted that he had just finished the organization of three companies with a capitalization of ten million dollars. The paralytic declined to buy any stock, and at last the mournful man told him where he could buy some pine land—a little tract, but all for his own. The price was fifteen dollars per acre, and the paralytic thought a fortune was made for himself and his children. A few months later he wrote, "There is nothing in that story that a fellow can't sell pine land for less than he gave for it. That man sold me land away back in the mountains. I found that some of his beastly companies had bought up the homesteads at every cañon mouth and gulch junction in the district; and they would not let me out. I offered to sell, and they offered me five dollars an acre. That made me pretty warm, but they told me they had plenty of timber to keep them busy and wouldn't get around to my stumpage for a while. I couldn't sell to anybody else, and of course if I waited till they left the country there wouldn't be enough of my little bunch of pine to pay for steam logging. What could I do? I took five dollars an acre. I am learning gradually."

The paralytic, apparently embittered by his study of the American pine question, wrote home and inclosed a clipping from the public address of President Roosevelt delivered at the American Forestry Congress: "You are mighty poor Americans if your care for the well-being of this country is limited to hoping that that well-being will last out your generation. If the present rate of forest destruction is allowed to continue, with nothing to offset it, a timber famine is inevitable. For my own part, I am against the landskinner every time." "So am I," read the fervent annotation. "And what am I going to do about that timber investment for my children?"

He went next to see a lawyer who was counsel for extensive lumbering interests. The attorney smiled at his zeal. "If you want to get any pine lands to-day," said he, "you will have to go to the extreme Northwest. There is no pine left of any consequence in the Middle West except on the Indian reservations of Minnesota, and the lumbermen have that pretty well accounted for."

"But didn't that belong to the Indians?" asked the paralytic innocently. He had not learned all about Western lumbering operations in his first visit to Minnesota.

The lawyer shook his head in disapprobation. "It was a grave mistake on the part of the Government," said he, "ever to put those Chippewas on land so valuable in natural resources. The wheels of progress cannot be blocked, sir. It was necessary for my clients to get at that pine. Of course, the first thing to do was to get in the thin edge of the wedge. There is always some way of breaking upon an Indian reservation.

"The thin edge of the wedge in Minnesota was the Rice treaty with the Chippewas. We promised them schools, churches, agricultural implements, and almost everything else. It is true also that the Indians never got even a hoe, but what can you do in a case like that? We had to make

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BELASCO'S BUSINESS

He Tells How He Builds a Play and How He Wants it Acted

By Charles Bloomingdale, Jr.

WHEN David Belasco told me that he "felt" sounds, the phrase was illuminating. It proved the touch of a keenly-attuned nature—the minute sensitiveness of an artistic temperament. Your rustic has it not, nor your modern man of business. It comes to the elect—and only to the inner circle elect. For it is the sixth sense of genius—this "feeling" a sound!

The chat was desultory—it followed no beaten line for any given space. "I have no particular time for writing," he said. "Sometimes it's two in the morning when I'm at my best—sometimes two in the afternoon. I cannot write by rule or rote."

Nor does he talk by rule or rote. He is as sensitive, as shy, as diffident as a woman—as full of quick turns and tangents as a two-year-old thoroughbred. Pin him to one subject and he chafes at the restraint just as the colt does at the bit.

So, the bit between his teeth, Belasco ran away with me the other day. And what he said is jotted down haphazard—from his boyhood theatre in the cellar to an analytic dissection of Bernhardt and Duse—from the modern method of playwriting to his first stage appearance. To write the chat in an orderly fashion would not do at all—for to be Belasco it must go where it listeth.

Building a Play

HE DRANK tea; I drank coffee—and here are some of the things he said:

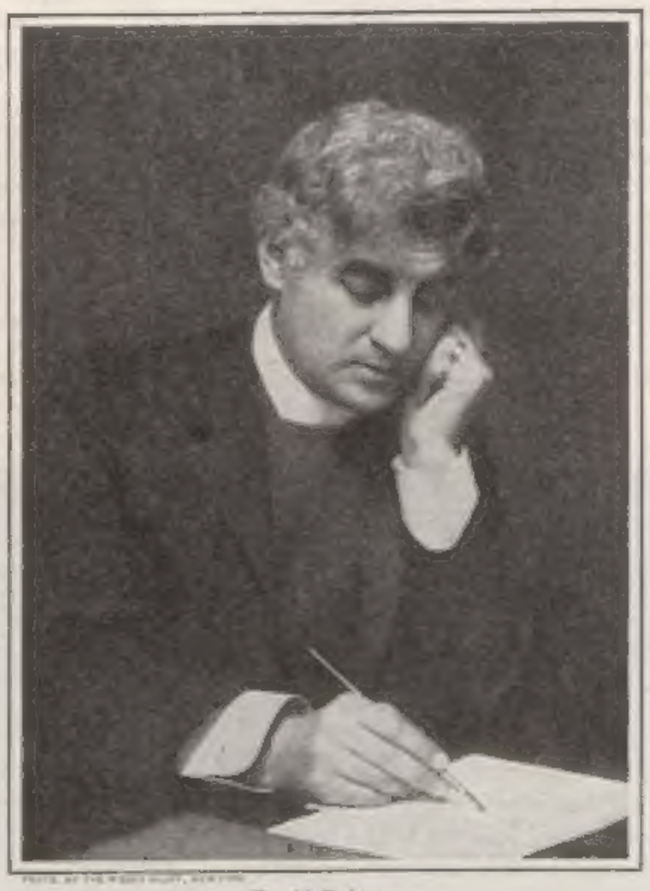
"The first thing needed in a play is an Idea.

"Get the Idea—and then make that the pivot.

"After the Idea comes the locale. Perhaps India—Africa—America—England. And when the locale is established get to work to study the temperament of the people—for primitive emotions belong to primitive peoples—the complexities of thought to those of higher mentality

"If you are writing of rough times, like the early days of California, do not let the higher thought of to-day creep in. Rough and hew and hack—as the people of that time in that place Don't attempt polished English or polished manners One false note may kill a play.

"The Idea and the locale being determined, pick out your principals—then the subsidiary characters that 'feed' the principals Tell your story to the audience frequently—tell it one way—then another—then another. You must explain a play to an audience just as you would a story to a child; and if they lose the thread in this place, pick it up for them in that—and then wind it round their finger in another place. Don't overrate their mentality—and don't trust to their remembering everything.



David Belasco

"Now let us suppose I have written the play. Then comes the hardest part—the rewriting it. I usually rewrite a play five times before I rehearse it; and Heaven only knows how many times afterward. But the first time I rewrite I hunt for 'atmosphere'—for 'touches.' I'll illustrate.

"Suppose the scene is an exterior—a lane in the country, we'll say. There's a log and the man and woman are sitting on it. Now for the details. Suppose it's midday—well and good. I give a far-away tinkle of a cowbell—possibly the screech of a steam engine from the distance. Then, as it's country I am trying to paint for the eye and the ear—for the dramatist paints for the ear, too, remember—I try to imagine what sounds might come along a country lane—and I 'feel' those sounds. Surely a bird of some sort would twitter. Then I ask: What sort of a bird? A jay, a wren, a sparrow? And do they twitter at noon—or only morning or evening? And then what is the blue jay's call?—what the wren's? Produce them right—do not give to the bicker of the sparrow the hoarse caw of the crow. Be careful of the details—make them right and they make for perfection."

Sardou in His Workshop

"SARDOU works with a little theatre on his desk—a toy theatre. He sets his scenes, and puts his characters on the stage—little wooden men and women. When the time for an exit comes, he moves this, that or the other manikin into the flies. He knows by a look at the scene just who is on stage, just who is off—and writes accordingly.

"I cannot do that. I am seeing everything I write just as if the play was performing in front of me. Over in the corner stands the heroine—near her the hero—in the background the mob. She is pleading—he cuts her short—the mob sways this way and that. Then in rushes another woman—the mob quiets—breaks out again. And I am writing, writing, writing at feverish haste. The scene gains in intensity—there's a shifting here, there, everywhere of characters—just as a turn in the kaleidoscope gives you a new picture—every turn a new picture. So I lay down my pen—for my eyes hurt. Not my hand, mind you—the writing has not tired me. But the *seeing* of the picture has hurt my eyes. They *ache*, they are so tired. And I cannot write again until my eyes are rested.

"Rehearsing the play is hard work—very hard work. I stop a character in the middle of a speech—the speech doesn't ring true. 'Take this paper,' I say, 'and write.' Then I recast the speech—and the man writes as I dictate it to him. 'Now you'—and I turn to the other character—'you write this speech as your answer.' So he writes. Then I take the two bits of paper and sit down at a table on the stage and write the new speeches into the manuscript. In five minutes we are ready to go on with the rehearsal. We stop again—there's a wrong word—a wrong adjective. She doesn't 'hate' the man—she 'abhors' him. So we scratch out 'hate' and substitute 'abhor.'

"Then there's a line that has no music in it—every line should have a certain cadence. The line is twisted around so there's a lilt to it—a certain swing—too many consonants and g's in it in the first place—so we have given it vowels and labials. It sounds better now—and on the rehearsal goes.

"The next day we begin at the beginning with the new stuff—and some additions I have given, which have come to me after the rehearsal.

"In a week's time my original manuscript is almost undecipherable—it has been written over so many times. So I have a clean copy prepared—and in two days that, too, looks like the Rosetta Stone. But we are bettering all the time—and the infinite pains bring the reward later.

"Nothing's worth the while unless it's done with the full strength of every fibre in your being—and with regard to every detail."

You'd Scarce Expect One of His Age

"WHY, I remember when I went to the High School in San Francisco that my love of detail made me chief reciter in the school. I picked out for my declamatory advent a piece called The Madman. It was a turgid, bombastic thing—and when I appeared on the platform to recite, I 'dressed' the part—the first time such a thing had been attempted in the school. I wore tattered garments, put wisps of straw in my hair and carried a chain and ball around my ankle. From that luckless day on I was a champion reciter, and for five years at that High School, although attempting other feats of oratory, The Madman was always the great and abiding bit in my repertoire. Then Professor Marks, who was principal of the Lincoln Grammar School that I attended, said I should go on the stage. He saw John Woodward, the stage manager of the Metropolitan Theatre in San Francisco, and Woodward said he'd give me a chance. I was to appear in The Lion of Nubia, a piece in which Mary Wells took the principal rôle. Three lines only were allotted to me, and I didn't appear until the fifth act.

"Well, on the night I made my début the entire student body of the High School turned out in force—and there were 1400 of them. From the first act they began to call 'Belasco! Belasco!'—although they knew that I wasn't to appear until the fifth. When I came on stage they rose at me. The show stopped for fully five minutes while I bowed to the right, to the left, in front of me—just as I had done at the High School. Then they allowed me to speak my lines. I remember them well—they were the first lines I had ever delivered in a theatre. I looked up stage and said: 'Perhaps the stress of the weather has driven them farther down the coast.' The High School crowd let out a mighty cheer at this. Then there were calls from all over the house: 'The Madman! The Madman!' they shouted. Five minutes passed—and still the shouting continued. The show had stopped, waiting for the audience to subside. In the midst of the din the stage manager beckoned to me from the flies.

"'What do they want?' he shouted.

"I told him of my success in reciting The Madman.

"The din had now arisen to the dignity of a riot, and the cries for The Madman were insistent. The stage manager threw up his hands in despair. 'Give 'em The Madman,' he shouted—'and then come off stage!'

"So I held up my hands and the tumult ceased. I advanced to the footlights, and while the other characters stood in their places I recited The Madman to my frenzied admirers. Then I walked off stage.

"What the stage manager said to me then was absolutely unprintable. But my first appearance on that stage was also my last."

He closed his eyes, drummed on the table with his fingers. Then over the hedges he went—left the boyhood years behind him—and was talking of Repression in Art.

"Sounds well—sounds large and sonorous and mouth-filling, doesn't it? It smacks of the Academy, does 'Repression in Art.' And it's encouraged by a certain class of critics whose knowledge of the stage is purely theoretical. I say that to be 'repressed' on the stage is an artificial art—that the actor who attempts it is after effect, pure and simple, and is untrue to Nature. Will any one tell me how Othello could be played in a spirit of repression? Did not the elder Salvini show all the brute bellowing of a maddened bull—not the artificial finesse that nowadays passes as acting, under the phrase 'Repression in Art'?

"Just consider for a second the foolishness of the stand taken by the modern actor or actress in search of repression. Let us suppose a play in which the principal woman character was madly jealous. Now, what would she do? I say that the keynote as to what she would do would be found in the answer to the question, 'What's her nationality?' If she were a Swedish girl or an Eskimo she would act quite differently from the Italian or the Spanish girl. Possibly the Swedish girl or the Eskimo would go off into a corner somewhere, hide her hurt heart and quietly cry a few scalding tears. Splendid work for your 'repressional' actress!

"But can you see the jealous Italian or Spanish girl doing the same thing? No corners for her! She wants all the universe to fly around in and bite and scratch and kill! The blood in her is near the surface. Repression to the four winds! She'll tear passions to shreds and fly at the throat of the woman who has stolen her lover. What would the actress who prates of 'Repression in Art' do with such a character? Dare she be 'repressed' and yet hold the mirror up to Nature? And if she does not hold up the mirror, where is her vaunted art? Can't these foolish folk who have started a cult see where they're wrong? They're wrong because they model all things on the same pattern, forgetful of the fact that 'temperament' has all to do with the portrayal of character. We meet the explosive man in every-day life—we meet the man of repression. And between the two are many other types. And yet these faddists for 'Repression in Art' play all characters alike—all in the 'repressed' key—because they take it that to be other than repressed is inartistic.

"Bosh and buncombe!

"There's a world of difference between Bernhardt and Duse. I have heard critics say that Bernhardt is theatrical and not artistic, whereas Duse was thoroughly artistic and not the least bit theatrical. Yet, in my humble opinion, the reverse is the case. Bernhardt works for effects—and gets them—big, broad, all-powerful effects. Duse works harder on the stage than the Frenchwoman, because she is studying each move, gesture and intonation—schooling herself in a rigid suppression—and showing to the initiated that she *is* working. She gives you the impression that she is posing for her public and her critic—paying too much attention to her pose, and too little to her *Art*. All that Duse does is studied—all that Bernhardt does is inspirational. The Frenchwoman carries you off your feet—the Italian woman shows you she's *trying* to do so!

"Duse has the advantage over Bernhardt in one particular—the language she speaks. Bernhardt has a wonderful voice—full of deep notes—vibrant as a bell. Duse has a weak voice—but she speaks in Italian. And Italian is the language of music—the lines that Duse speaks in her weak voice have music in them—no matter how she speaks them!

"But, comparing the women from the standpoint of Power—ah, there the Frenchwoman shines triumphant. I have seen both women play Fedora—and that wonderful second act is a test. Do you recollect the situation? Loris must not leave the room—if he does he will be killed by the men lying in wait for him. Fedora knows this—and all her arts are called to her aid to keep Loris from leaving.

"Duse puts her hands gently on his arm—half apologetically—and looks up into his eyes beseechingly. Then she speaks—seemingly appealing to his reason.

"Bernhardt clutches him—winds her arms around his neck—throws all the passion of her being into voice and action—makes his blood mount as hers—appeals to the man's passion and not to his reason.

"And when Loris says he will not go, but will stay, Duse goes softly over to the portière, leans against it, and quietly cries as the curtain drops.

"But Bernhardt, her face flushed with passion and victory, lies in Loris' arms, her eyes eating up his very soul.

"Which situation is the more convincing, I ask you—which has the greater power—which shows the greater artist?"

He slowly stirred the sugar in his teacup—and in that interval he had bounded back to the childhood days.

"I ran away from school to go with a circus—for tinsel attracted me then. And in Rio Janeiro I was taken down with fever.

"The clown of the circus nursed me—brought me through the Shadow—and then laid down his own life as forfeit. It was a fine thing for a clown to do!"

He stirred the teacup again—though the tea was now stone-cold. But the tinkle of the spoon against the cup was a diversion.

The Regulator's Revenge

"THE first play I ever wrote," he said slowly, "was a melodrama. The title may explain its bloodthirstiness. I named it Jim Black, or the Regulator's Revenge. I left nothing to the imagination, not even in the printed cast—for on the program showing the characters the first line read:

"'Jim Black, a villain.'

"I wanted the audience to know he was a villain from the rise of the first curtain.

"The play was to be given in Mozart Hall in San Francisco, and I was to play Jim Black. I gave that villain more hairbreadth 'scapes by land and sea than any dramatist before or since has ever allotted to any one individual.

"And on the night of the performance I planned a surprise for my fellow-actors, no less than to the audience. At none of the rehearsals had I shown my hand—merely said that my escape in the third act was to be the signal for the curtain.

"The third act represented the interior of a prison, and I, as Jim Black, was incarcerated. The audience knew that I would manage to escape some way, but were in the dark as to the method. And in planning the way I made up my mind to depart from both precedent and tradition. I would not have Jim Black sneak out the jail door conveniently left open for him—nor have him file his commonplace way through the bars. I had a better scheme than that, and in building my scenery—for I built every stitch of it—I planned a window at back—put in tissue-paper for glass panes and thin laths for the frame. Then, the night of the show, I calmly put my hand in my pocket, drew forth a box of matches, and saying, 'I will burn down the jail and escape,' I set fire to the tissue-paper window. The moment it blazed I jumped through it. I burned the false whiskers I had on, my wig and one side of my face. But the effect was superb—and the audience applauded wildly.

"Of course, being my first play, I made one or two mistakes. For instance, never having been in a jail I knew nothing of the interior arrangements. I have since been told that glass windows and wooden sashes are not considered good form in modern jails; and that the prevailing architecture runs toward small windows, with bars running laterally—also that jails are fire-proof. A small point, also overlooked, was: where, in Heaven's name, was Jim Black to land when he jumped through the blazing window? His room and bath may have been on the twelfth floor—and escape from jail under the circumstances would have subjected him to no little annoyance, with a great possibility of being suddenly stopped. Apart from a dozen or so inconsistencies like the above the play was a great success, and ran for one consecutive evening.

"I have learned much since those early days, and mistakes are less likely to occur. Nowadays I start with some paper and a pencil—write my play—select the people to interpret it—rehearse it—stage-manage it—and put it into my own theatre. So, you see, I keep an eye on it from the first step until the last."

I wonder if there's another man in the wide world that does in dramatic art *all* of the things Belasco does—beginning at the paper and pencil and working up by each successive stage until he reaches the finished performance in his own theatre?

Christmas Eve at Notre Dame

By Arthur Stringer

O odor of incense, pride of purple and gold,
Burst of music and praise, and passion of flute and pipe!
O voices of silver o'er-sweet, and soothing antiphonal chant!
O Harmony, ancient, ecstatic, a-throb to the echoing roof,
With tremulous roll of awakened reverberant tubes, and thunder of sound!
And illusion of mystical song and outclangor of jubilant bell,
And glimmer of gold and taper, and throbbing, insistent pipe—
If song and emotion and music were all—
Were it only all!

II

For see, dark heart of mine,
How the singers have ceased and gone!
See, how all of the music is lost and the lights are low,
And how, as our idle arms, these twin ineloquent towers
Grope up through the old inaccessible Night to His stars!
How in vain we have stormed on the bastions of Silence with sound!
How in vain with our music and song and emotion assailed the Unknown,
How beat with the wings of our worship on Earth's imprisoning bars!
For the pinions of Music have wearied, the proud loud tubes have tired,
Yet grim and still taciturn stand His immutable stars,
And, lost in the gloom, to His frontiers old I turn
Where glimmer those sentinel fires,
Beyond which, Dark Heart, we two
Some night must steal us forth,
Quite naked, and alone!

LADY BALTIMORE

By OWEN WISTER

Author of The Virginian

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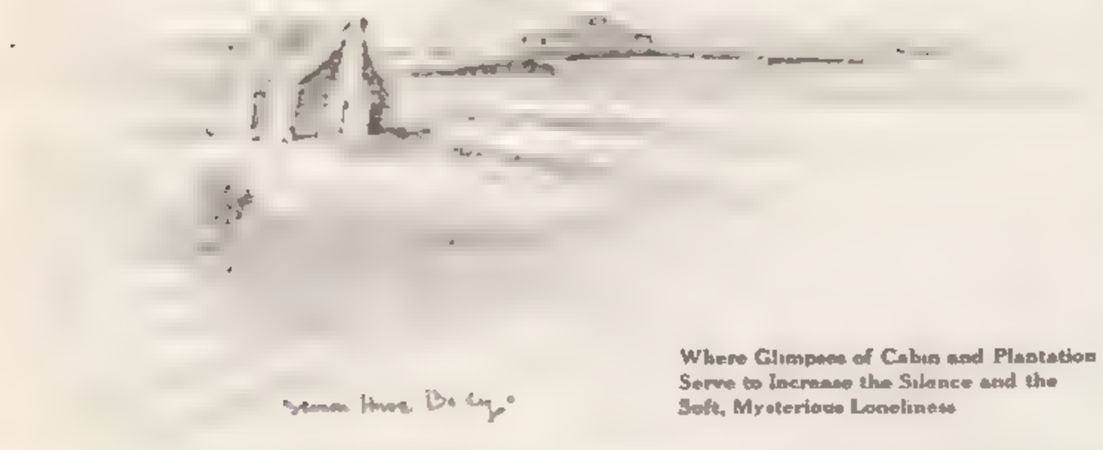

Where Glimpses of Cabin and Plantation Serve to Increase the Silence and the Soft, Mysterious Loneliness

XIV—THE REPLACERS

SHE had been strange, perceptibly strange, had Eliza La Heu; that was the most which I could make out of it. I had angered her in some manner wholly beyond my intention or understanding, and not at all at one fixed point in our talk; her irritation had come out and gone in again in spots all along the colloquy, and it had been a displeasure wholly apart from that indignation which had flashed up in her over the negro question. This, indeed, I understood well enough and admired her for, and admired still more her gallant control of it; as for the other, I gave it up

A sense of guilt—a very slight one, to be sure—dispersed my speculations when I was preparing for dinner, and Aunt Carola's postscript, open upon my writing-table, reminded me that I had never asked Miss La Heu about the Bombos. Well, the Bombos could keep! And I descended to dinner a little late (as too often) to feel instantly in the air that they had been talking about me. I doubt if any company in the world, from the Greeks down through Machiavelli to the present moment, has ever been of a subtlety adequate to conceal from an observant person entering a room the fact that he has been the subject of their conversation. This company, at any rate, did not conceal it from me. Not even when the up-country bride astutely greeted me with:

"Why, we were just speaking of you! We were just saying it would be a perfect shame if you missed those flowers at Live Oaks." And, at this, various of the guests assured me that another storm would finish them; upon which I assured every one that to-morrow should see me embark upon the Live Oaks excursion boat, knowing quite well in my heart that some decidedly different question concerning me had been hastily dropped upon my appearance at the door. It poked up its little concealed head, did this question, when the bride said later to me, with immense archness:

"How any gentleman can help falling just daid in love with that lovely young girl at the Exchange, I don't see!"

"But I haven't helped it!" I immediately exclaimed

"Oh!" declared the bride with unerring perception, "that just shows he hasn't been smitten at all! Well, I'd be ashamed, if I was a single gentleman." And while I brought forth additional phrases concerning the distracted state of my heart, she looked at me with large, limpid eyes. "Anybody could tell you're not afraid of a rival," was her resulting comment; upon which several of the et-ceteras laughed more than seemed to me appropriate.

I left them all free again to say what they pleased; for John Mayrant called for me to go upon our walk while we were still seated at table, and at table they remained after I had excused myself.

The bruise over John's left eye was fading out, but traces of his spiritual battle were deepening. During the visit which he had paid (under compulsion, I am sure) to Juno at our boarding-house in company with Miss Josephine St. Michael, his recent financial triumph at the bedside had filled his face with diabolic elation as he confronted his victim's enraged but checkmated aunt; when to the thinly-veiled venom of her inquiry as to a bridegroom's health he had retorted with venom as thinly veiled that he was feeling better that night than for many weeks, he had looked better, too; the ladies had exclaimed after his departure what a handsome young man he was, and Juno had remarked how fervently she trusted that marriage might cure him of his deplorable tendencies. But to-day his vitality had sagged off beneath the weight of his preoccupation; it looked to me as if, by a day or two more, the boy's face might be grown haggard.

Whether by intention, or, as is more likely, by the perfectly natural and spontaneous working of his nature, he speedily made it plain to me that our relation, our acquaintance, had progressed to a stage more friendly and confidential. He did not reveal this by imparting any confidence to me; far from it; it was his silence that indicated the ease he had come to feel in my company. Upon our last memorable interview he had embarked at once upon a hasty yet evidently predetermined course of talk, because he feared that I might touch upon subjects which he wished excluded from all discussion between us; to-day he embarked upon nothing, made no conventional effort of any sort, but walked beside me, content with my mere society; if it should happen that either of us found a thought worth expressing aloud, good! and if this should not happen, why good also! And so we walked mutely and agreeably together for a long while. The thought which was growing clear in my mind, and which was decidedly worthy of expression, was also unluckily one which his new reliance upon my discretion completely forbade my uttering in even the most shadowy manner; but it was a conviction which Miss Josephine St. Michael should have been quick to force upon him for his good. Quite apart from selfish reasons, he had no right to marry a girl whom he had ceased to care for. The code which held a "gentleman" to his plighted troth in such a case did more injury to the "lady" than any "jilting" could possibly do. Never until now had I thought this out so lucidly, and I was determined that time and my own tact should assuredly help me find a way to say it to him, if he continued in his present course.

"Daddy Ben says you can't be a real Northerner."

This was his first observation, and I think that we must have walked a mile before he made it.

"Because I pounded a negro? Of course, he retains your Southern *ante-bellum* mythical notion of Northerners—all of us willing to have them marry our sisters. Well, there's a lady at our boarding-house who says you are a real gambler."

The impish look came curling round his lips, but for a moment only, and it was gone.

"That shook Daddy Ben up a good deal."

"Having his grandson do it, do you mean?"

"Oh, he's used to his grandson! Grandsons in that race might just as well be dogs for all they know or care about their progenitors. Yet Daddy Ben spent his savings on educating Charles Cotesworth and two more—but not one of them will give the old man a house to-day. If ever I have a home——" John stopped himself, and our silence was no longer easy; our unspoken thoughts looked out of our eyes so that they could not meet. Yet no one, unless directly invited by him, had the right to say to him what I was thinking, except some near relative. Therefore to relieve this silence which had ceased to be agreeable, I talked about Daddy Ben and his grandsons, and negro voting, and the huge lie of "equality" which our lips daily vociferate and our lives daily disprove. This took us comfortably away from weddings and cakes into the subject of lynching, my violent condemnation of which surprised him; for our discussion had led us over a wide field, and one fertile in well-known disputes of the evergreen sort, conducted by the North mostly with more theory than experience, and by the South mostly with more heat than light; whereas, between John and me, I may say that our amiability was surpassed only by our intelligence! Each allowed for the other's standpoint, and both met in many views: he would have voted against the last national Democratic ticket but for the Republic upholding of negro equality, while I assured him that such stupid and criminal upholding was on the wane. I think that we were at one, save for the fact that I was, after all, a Northerner—and that is a blemish which nobody in Kings Port can quite get over. John, therefore, was unprepared for my wholesale denunciation of lynching.

"With your clear view of the negro," he explained.

"My dear man, it's my clear view of the white! The negro is less than nothing to me. It's the white, the American citizen, the 'hope of humanity,' as he enjoys being called, who, after our English-speaking race has abolished public executions, degenerates back to the Stone Age. It's upon him that lynching works the true injury."

"They're nothing but animals," he muttered.

"Would you treat an animal in that way?" I inquired.

He persisted. "You'd do it yourself if you had to suffer from them."

"Very probably. Is that an answer? What I'd never do would be to make a show, an entertainment, a circus out of it, run excursion trains to see it—come, should you like your sister to buy tickets for a lynching?"

This brought him up rather short. "I should never take part myself," he presently stated, "unless it were immediate personal vengeance."

"Few brothers or husbands would blame you!" I returned. "It would be hard to wait for the law. But let no community which treats it as a public spectacle presume to call itself civilized."

He gave a perplexed smile, shaking his head over it. "Sometimes I think civilization costs ——"

"Civilization costs all you've got!" I cried.

"More than I've got!" he declared. "I'm mortal tired of civilization."

"Ah, yes! What male creature is not? And neither of us will live quite long enough to see the smash-up of our own."

He was lively at this. "What date have you fixed?"

"Why fix dates? Is it not diversion enough to watch, and step handsomely through one's own part, with always a good sleeve to laugh in?"

Pensiveness returned upon him. "I shall be able to step through my own part, I think." He paused, and I was wondering secretly: "Does that include the wedding?" when he continued: "What's there to laugh at?"

"Why, our imperishable selves! For instance: we swear by universal suffrage. Well, sows' ears are an invaluable thing in their place, on the head of the animal; but send them to make your laws, and what happens? Bribery, naturally. The silk purse buys the sow's ear. We swear by Christianity, but dishonesty is our present religion. That little phrase 'In God We Trust' is about as true as the silver dollar it's stamped on—worth some thirty-nine cents. We get awfully serious about whether or no good can come of evil when every sky-scraping thief of finance is helping hospitals with one hand while the other's in our pocket; and good and evil attend each other, lead to each other, are

such Siamese twins that if separated they would both die. We make phrases about peace, pity and brotherhood, while every nation stands prepared for shipwreck and for the sinking plank to which two are clinging, and the stronger pushes the weaker into the flood and thus floats safe. Why, the old apple of wisdom, which Adam and Eve swallowed and thus lost their innocence, was a gentle nursery drug compared with the new apple of competition, which, as soon as chewed, instantly transforms the heart into a second brain. But why worry, when nothing is final? Haven't you and I, for instance, lamented the present rottenness of smart society? Why, when a King by the name of George sat on the throne of England, society was just as drunken, just as dissolute! Then a decent Queen came, and society behaved itself; and now, here we come round again to the Georges, only with the name changed! There's nothing final. So, when things are as you don't like them, remember that and bear them, and when they're as you do like them, remember it and make the most of them—and keep a good sleeve handy!"

"Have you got any creed at all?" he demanded, laughing.

"Certainly; but I don't live up to it."

"That's not expected. May I ask what it is?"

"It's in Latin."

"Well, I can probably bear it. Aunt Eliza had a classical tutor for me."

I aways relish a chance to recite my favorite poet, and I began accordingly:

"Lætus in præsens animus quod ultra est
Oderit curare et ——"

"I know that one!" he exclaimed, interrupting me. "The tutor made me put it into English verse. I had the severest sort of a time. I ran away from it twice to a deer-hunt." And he, in his turn, recited:

"Who hails each present hour with zest
Hates fretting what may be the rest,
Makes bitter sweet with lazy jest;
Naught is in every portion blest."

I complimented him, in spite of my slight annoyance at being deprived by him of the chance to declaim Latin poetry, which is an exercise that I approve and enjoy; but of course, to go on with it, after he had intervened with his translation, would have been flat.

"You have written good English, and very close to the Latin, too," I told him, "particularly in the last line." And I picked up from the bridge which we were crossing an oyster-shell and sent it skimming over the smooth water that stretched between the low shores, wide, blue and vacant.

"I suppose you wonder why we call this the New Bridge?" he remarked.

"I did wonder when I first came," I replied.

He smiled. "You're getting used to us!"

This long structure wore, in truth, no appearance of yesterday. It was newer than the "New Bridge" which it had replaced some fifteen years ago, and which for forty years had borne the same title. Spanning the broad river upon a legion of piles, this wooden causeway lies low against the face of the water, joining the town with a serene and pensive country of pines and live oaks and level opens, where glimpses of cabin and plantation serve to increase the silence and the soft mysterious loneliness. Into this the road from the bridge goes straight, and among the purple vagueness gently dissolves away. We watched a slow, deep-laden boat sliding down toward the draw, across which we made our way, and drew near the farther end of the bridge. The straight avenue of the road in front of us took my eyes down its quiet vista, until they were fixed suddenly by an alien object, a growing dot, accompanied by dust, whence came the small, distorted honks of an automobile. These fat, importunate sounds redoubled as the machine rushed toward the bridge, growing up to its full staring, brazen dimensions. Six or seven figures sat in it, all of the same dusty, shrouded likeness, their big glass eyes and their masked mouths suggesting some fabled, unearthly race, a family of replete and bilious ogres; so that as they flew honking by us I called out to John:

"Behold the yellow rich!" and then remembered that his Hortense probably sat among them

The honks redoubled, and we turned to see that the drawbridge had no thought of waiting for them. We also saw a bewildered curly white dog and a young girl, who called despairingly to him as he disappeared beneath the automobile. The engine of murder could not, as is usual, proceed upon its way, honking, for the drawbridge was visibly swinging open to admit the passage of the boat. When John and I had run back near enough to become ourselves a part of the incident, the white dog lay still behind the stationary automobile, whose passengers were craning their muffled necks and turning their glass eyes to see what they had done, while one of their number had got out, and was stooping to examine if the machine had sustained any injuries. The young girl, with a face of anguish, was calling the dog's name as she hastened toward him, and her voice aroused him: he lifted his head, got on his legs, and walked over to her; which action on his part brought from the automobile a penetrating female voice:

"Well, he's in better luck than that Savannah dog!"

But General was not in luck. He quietly lay down at the feet of his mistress and we soon knew that life had passed from his faithful body. The first stroke of grief dealt her in such cruel and sudden form overbore the poor girl's pride and reserve; she made no attempt to remember or heed surroundings, but kneeling and placing her arms

Snatched the Extended Bill from Charley's Hand and, Tearing it in Four Pieces, Threw it in His Face

about the neck of her dead servant, she spoke piteously aloud:

"And I raised him—I raised him from a puppy!"

The female voice, at this, addressed the traveler who was examining the automobile: "Charley, a five or a ten spot is what her feelings need."

The obedient and munificent Charley straightened up from his stooping among the mechanical entrails, dexterously produced money, and advanced with the selected bill held out politely in his hand, while the glass eyes and the masks peered down at the performance. Eliza La Heu had perceived none of this, for she was intent upon General, nor had John Mayrant, who had approached her with the purpose of coming to her aid. But when Charley, quite at hand, began to speak words which were instantly obliterated from my memory by what happened, the young girl realized his intention and straightened stiffly, while John, with the rapidity of light, snatched the extended bill from Charley's hand and, tearing it in four pieces, threw it in his face

A foreign voice cackled from the automobile: "*Oh là là! il a du panache!*"

But Charley now disclosed himself to be a true man of the world—the financial world—by picking the pieces out of the mud; and, while he wiped them and inclosed them in his handkerchief and with perfect dignity returned them to his pocket, he remarked simply, with a shrug: "As you please." His accent also was ever so little foreign—that New York downtown foreign, of the second generation which stamps so many of our bankers.

The female now leaned from her seat and, with the tone of setting the whole thing right, explained: "We had no idea it was a lady."

"Doubtless you're not accustomed to their appearance," said John to Charley.

I don't know what Charley would have done about this; for while the completely foreign voice was delightedly whispering, "*Toujours le panache!*" a new, deep and altogether different female voice exclaimed:

"Why, John, it's you!"

So that was Hortense, then! That rich and quiet utterance was hers, a schooled and studied management of speech. I found myself surprised, and I knew directly why; that word of one of the old ladies, "I consider that she looks like a steel wasp," had implanted in me some definite anticipations to which the voice certainly did not correspond. How fervently I desired that she would lift her thick veil, while John, with hat in hand, was greeting her, and being presented to her companions! Why she had not spoken to John sooner was of course a recondite question, and beyond my power to determine with merely the given situation to guide me. Hadn't she recognized him before? Had her thick veil, and his position, and the general slight flurry of the misadventure intercepted recognition until she heard his voice when he addressed Charley? Or had she known her lover at once, and rapidly decided that the moment was an unpropitious one for a first meeting after absence, and that she would pass on to Kings Port unrevealed, but then had found this plan become impossible through the collision between Charley and John? It was not until certain incidents of the days following brought Miss Rieppe's nature a good deal further home to me that a third interpretation of her delay in speaking to John dawned upon my mind; that I was also made aware how a woman's understanding of the words "Steel wasp," when applied by her to one of her own sex, may differ widely from a man's understanding of them; and that Miss Rieppe, through her thick veil, saw from her seat in the automobile something which my own unencumbered vision had by no means detected.

But now, here on the bridge, even her outward appearance was as shrouded as her inward qualities—save such as might be audible in that voice, as her skillful, well-placed speeches to one and the other of the company tided over and carried off into ease this uneasy moment. All men, at such a voice, have pricked up their ears since the beginning; there was much woman in it; each slow, schooled syllable called its challenge to questing man. But I got no chance to look in the eye that went with that voice; she took all the advantages which her veil gave her; and how well she used them I was to learn later

In the general smoothing-out process which she was so capably effecting, her attention was about to reach me, when my name was suddenly called out from behind her. It was Beverly Rodgers, that accomplished and inveterate bachelor of fashion. Ten years before, when I had seen much of him, he had been more particular in his company, frequently declaring in his genial, irresponsible way that New York society was going to the devil. But many tempting dances on the land and cruises on the water had taken him deep among our lower classes that have boiled up from the bottom with their millions—and besides, there would be nothing to marvel at in Beverly's presence in any company that should include Hortense Rieppe, if she carried out the promise of her voice.

Beverly was his customary, charming, effusive self, coming out of the automobile to me with his "By Jove, old man!" and his "Who'd have thought it, old fellow?" and sprinkling urbane little drops of jocosity over us collectively, as the garden water-turning apparatus sprinkles a lawn. His knowing me and the way he brought it out, and even the tumbling into the road of a few wraps and chattels of travel as he descended from the automobile and the necessity of picking these up and handing them back with delightful little jocular apologies such as "By Jove, what a lout I am!"—all this helped the meeting on prodigiously, and got us gratefully away from the disconcerting incident of the torn money. Charley was helpful, too; you would never have supposed from the polite small talk which he was now offering to John Mayrant that he had within some three minutes received the impingement of a slap across the eyes from that youth's strong, thin-skinned consequences in his pocket. And such a thing is it to be a true man of the world of finance that upon the arrival now

(Continued on Page 50)

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Eat, drink and be bilious.

¶ You can lead a boy to college, but you can't make him think.

¶ It is hoped Santa Claus will leave no tainted Christmas presents.

¶ Most men and women who attempt the blasé achieve only the passé.

¶ In life insurance the wages of sin seem to be anything up to $100,000 a year.

¶ The grafter's progress: 1, He got a show; 2, He showed off; 3, He was shown up.

¶ Our colonies want more self-government. They have our profound sympathy. So do we.

¶ A fool is born every minute, but sometimes it seems the death-rate is not more than one a day.

¶ It is a fortunate babe that is too young to understand the bright sayings of the precocious father.

¶ Articles on the blessings of the new peace are already being crowded out by discussions of the next great war.

¶ We could forgive some people for being so proud of living within their means if they could learn to live without their meanness.

¶ Regarding rate legislation it may be said that, although President Roosevelt pays his fare, members of Congress still carry their passes.

¶ It is generally safe to steer a course far enough out to avoid the perils of friendship and far enough in to escape the kindness of enemies.

¶ The inconsistent man who says he never worries, puts down his canopy and then lies awake bothering about the mosquitoes on the outside of the net.

¶ If the estimates keep on increasing it might be just as well to let the plumbers fix that Panama Canal and take a mortgage on the Western Hemisphere.

Life-Insurance Remedies

MANY people insist that the fundamental trouble with the big life-insurance companies is their size; that a strict limit should be set to the amount of business any one company may carry, and that the three leviathans which have already exceeded reasonable limitations should be forced to stop writing new business and to liquidate until they shrink to proper proportions.

We think this is all wrong, and suggest the better plan of consolidating the big three, which would result in one company having two million policy-holders, a billion and a quarter dollars of assets and five billions of insurance in force. Let the combination include as many other companies as are willing and fit to go in. The bigger the better.

Having a colossus of this sort to deal with, the necessity of thoroughgoing Federal supervision would be so obvious that it would surely receive proper attention. Once people were assured that the company was adequately governed they would come in voluntarily for their policies, just as they now go to savings-banks, and life insurance would no longer be burdened with the enormous expense involved in the rush to get new business at any price.

Mere size is not the bogyman that it used to be. Little life-insurance companies have been as full of graft as the biggest, and their very insignificance has afforded them a security in the practice of it which finally broke down in the case of the big three. The worst graft in the Equitable was started when it was a comparatively small concern. If the railroad consolidations had not grown so big probably we would not have this movement for a better regulation of freight rates. The bigger, more conspicuous, more powerful a thing is the better the chance that it will be made to conform to a just public policy. If the people collectively are not larger and stronger than any possible combination they may as well throw up their hands.

The Treasury and Wall Street

NEARLY every year, after harvest, when the West is using its surplus for crop-moving and so drawing down its balances in the East, there is a period of tight money. The call rate rises in Wall Street to 10 or 20 per cent. Persons who are borrowing money to carry stocks naturally importune the Treasury Department at Washington to release some of its funds to the Street by depositing them in the banks there. Often the Treasury does so, and is then indignantly accused of coming to the rescue of stock gamblers. It is an amusing instance of the degree of crooked economic thinking of which some great minds are capable that certain organs of public opinion, which insist that the Treasury must not aid speculation when the money pinch comes, are quite inclined to the notion that an elastic system of currency would be a good thing—that is, that we ought to provide machinery for doing automatically exactly the thing which the Treasury Department is criticised for doing on its own responsibility. A fixed volume of currency sets a limit to the expansion of credit. An elastic currency system means that when the belt begins to pinch it can be let out so many notches. The pinch always comes first in Wall Street. The stock market would inevitably get about four out of five extension notches. We are not arguing whether this is good or ill; but merely pointing out that the Treasury deposits in times of stringency are a form of currency expansion, and that whoever objects to them should object all the harder to an elastic currency system.

The Dividends of War

THE Czars and Kings of earth rise to their feet in public only to shout out that they are enamoured of peace, that they hate war, and want soldiers and ships simply to frighten the wicked other fellow into behaving himself. But in all the writings of those living in or near European capitals you find nothing but praise for war—for the glory, for its splendid schoolings in patriotism and self-sacrifice and all the virtues.

What the governmental writers say unofficially is what the whole body of rulers really think. War for them means excitement without the least danger—for, in modern warfare, it is not only the pleasure but the absolute duty of the officers to keep to safety, as much as they can, and the higher the rank the greater necessity and opportunity for safety. For them war means promotions, popularity, halos of heroism—and no danger. And peace? It means nothing for them to do but wonder how long the people will let them stay at the trough. Ignoble peace!

Something Anti-Socialistic

BUSINESS in the main does not like socialism, and there is no doubt that it is somewhat uneasy over the many leadings in that direction—such as the success of the municipal ownership ticket in Chicago last spring, the big vote for Hearst in New York this fall, the insistently growing demand for governmental control of various things that touch nearly the whole body of the people, like railroad rates and life insurance. In fact, it is easy to point out, especially among urban phenomena, many indications that policies which are at least theoretically socialistic are finding wider acceptance.

On the other hand, there is the corn crop. The Government reports it as 2,700,000,000 bushels. On the basis of current Chicago prices it is worth a billion and a quarter dollars, and to the unprejudiced observer it looks like a vast bulwark, a really Himalayan boundary, set over against the socialistic advance. It was produced mainly by capitalists and employers. Many continental radicals put free access to the land as the first aim. The several million gentlemen who raised the corn and other cereals are willing to grant access to the land to any husky person who can do a thirteen-hour-day's work at eighteen dollars a month and found. Otherwise they have shotguns and dogs.

To the man who lives in a great city and looks at the things around him it must often appear that the ideals expressed in the Constitution have utterly lost their force; that the population is divided into classes whose interests are sharply antagonistic. But if he will go into the country—particularly into the great grain-raising country of the Middle West—he will find Democracy pretty triumphant still, sitting on a load of corn and innocent of any idea that John, the banker, is a plutocrat, or Hank and Tom, the hired men, proletarians who ought to hate him. Farmer, banker and hired man go to the same wedding and the same funeral.

A Question of Environment

METEOROLOGY has not made much advance toward telling us what the weather is going to be day after to-morrow. But it is doing an important work in showing us that there is nothing in the notions about wet nerves and dry, thick breast-bones and thin, hedgehogs that see their shadows and those that don't. The first step toward learning the truth is a step backward—to get clear of all the merely alleged truth we have got by tradition.

Also, the meteorologists have exploded some ancient delusions about climate. The English, going out of their perpetual fog-bank to France, hailed it as a "sunny land"; the French, fleeing from their seven months of steady cloudiness, and rain five days out of the seven, to Italy, called it "sunny" Italy, and also warm. We know now the truth—that Italy is warm and sunny, except in midsummer, only to peoples from shivery and eternally overcast countries.

America has the best climate of any part of the earth. When we develop poets to back up the meteorologists the whole world will ring with it.

Chicago Attains Perfection

PRETTY nearly all over the United States the law's delays are a source of endless complaint. This applies particularly to criminal cases. The lawyers take a week in explaining what they are going to prove. A day is consumed in passionate debate as to whether a witness shall answer a certain question. A second day is lost in vehement discussion of what counsel for the prosecution said counsel for the defense said would be inferred if witness did answer. The morning of the third day the objection is overruled, and witness answers that he doesn't know. Whereupon the lawyers clamorously fall to over the proposition that the answer be stricken from the record. That wrangle lasts till dark.

This not only gives justice a halt and paralytic effect which encourages crime, but in many localities it makes the pains and penalties of sitting on a jury almost as great as those provided by statute for the crime that is to be tried.

Now Chicago, which fairly shares with necessity the honors of being the mother of invention, has discovered the evolutionary perfection of this system. One Gilhooley was arraigned on a charge growing out of labor troubles. Mr. Gilhooley and counsel were not exactly perspiring with anxiety for a speedy verdict. The venire-men were perspiring with anxiety to escape service on a jury that would probably be kept sitting for months. The state of mind on the part of counsel and the state of mind on the part of the venire-men found a junction point in the educational tests which were propounded to each prospective juror. More than one thousand venire-men ignominiously failed to define such words as "culpable," "circumstantial," "contributory"—and hastened from the courtroom with damaged reputations for erudition, but with vastly lightened hearts.

It was estimated that a jury might be secured sometime in the following century.

Here is a system in its final flower—the idiotic scheme of procrastination perfected to a state where a trial is simply impossible. There is no reason known to our methods of judicial procedure why this invention should not come into general use.

Live to Die, or Live to Live?

IN EUROPE, so overshadowed at present, has arisen a discussion about death; and all the people good at epigrams are racking their brains to produce something new on the subject—with very moderate success thus far. One man recalls Dumas' saying, that "to die bravely one should think of death at least once every day." Another retorts that that is a bitter recipe for living bravely and well. All seem to agree that it is a good thing to think about death.

But is it? Is not the thought morbid, paralyzing? Is not life rather the wiser thought? Is it, indeed, the best plan to live as if each moment were to be one's last? Is it not better to live as if one expected to go on living for years, would be compelled to reap here and now, as well as hereafter, the harvest of consequences from every act?

Live to die, or live to live? In which way will a man live best and die most peacefully?

RUSSIA AND HER RULERS

By W. T. STEAD

SERGIUS THE FIRST

WITTE," said M. Lessar to me one day—"'Witte wants to be everything." Witte was then Minister of Finance, but there was no department of the state in which he did not make himself felt. Old-fashioned Russian diplomatists chafed bitterly against his intermeddling. "He will never be satisfied," they complained, "until he is a Chancellor of the Empire." "And not even then," said some. "Nothing will satisfy him until he is President of the Russian Republic." "Dictator rather," said others; "Witte is not a man to consent to be merely the first citizen of a commonwealth. He must be all or nothing.' And Witte, Count Witte, First Prime Minister of the Constitutional Monarchy or Limited Autocracy, became everything in Russia. His sovereign placed the exercise of his prerogatives in his hands.

> Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all
> As the weird woman promis'd, and I fear
> Thou playedst most foully for it.

But "foully" is too harsh a term to apply to the arts by which Sergius Witte made his way from the post of a station master to that of the Master of an Empire which spans the hemisphere.

If "uneasy lies the head that wears the crown" not less uneasy is the head of Count Witte. Take, for instance, the following vivid pen-picture of the Minister-President at work, by his friend and *fidus Achates*, Dr. E. J. Dillon, the most brilliant and indefatigable of all the journalists of the Old World, writing in the Daily Telegraph of November 15:

"When I was writing my final message at midnight yesterday, the Minister-President was delivering his tenth or eleventh speech at the Cabinet Council, which had already lasted three hours and a half, and his physician was waiting in an adjoining room to see his patient, who cannot call an hour his own. By the time the Council terminated it was long past midnight, and the doctor had given advice to his patient and gone his way. Count Witte, on whose spacious table state documents and telegrams were piled in heaps, had still some urgent matters to dispose of. When at last he was free to retire he suffered from a severe nervous headache, such as he had experienced last year, and was unable to close his eyes during the entire night. Instead of lying awake in bed, however, he set himself to deal with all the demands and reports contained in the hillocks of dispatches, working alone through the silent watches of the night; and the gray, cheerless dawn of an autumnal, almost wintry day found him still seated at his table with a red pencil in his hand writing decisions, instructions, dispatches and reports. The few morning callers whom he received found him pale and fatigued, but full of energy, and offering powerful resistance to doubts and misgivings which would overwhelm most men under present conditions."

In Darkest Russia

SUCH a death-grapple in the darkness with the anarchic forces of an empire in dissolution recalls a similar wrestling of a greater man on a smaller stage, which wrung from the great Protector the famous cry of distress: "I can say in the presence of God, in comparison with whom we are but poor creeping ants upon the earth, I would have been glad to have lived under my woodside, to have kept a flock of sheep, rather than undertaken such a government as this." But the English Hydra, hissing heaven high with its thousand heads, that Carlyle pictured so graphically, was but a puny creature compared with the dragons of the primal slime which roar and gnash their bloody jaws around the Russian Premier.

Since the French Revolution, the great French Revolution, at the end of the eighteenth century, there has been no such convulsion among the nations of the earth as that which is shaking the Russian Empire to-day. Carlyle's lurid prose epic of the great earthquake in which the ancient régime perished can alone supply imagery adequate to the situation in which Count Witte found himself when he accepted the post of Minister-President of the first Russian Cabinet. His office was in the heart of the crater of a vast volcano, which seemed on the eve of a violent eruption. The air was dense with sulphur, the sky dark with smoke clouds, and ever and anon the very foundation heaved and groaned beneath his feet.

> For lo! the giant Frenzy
> Uprooting Empires with his whirlwind arm
> Mocketh high Heaven: burst hideous from the cell
> Where the old hag, unconquerable, huge
> Creation's eyeless drudge, Black Ruin, sits
> Nursing the impatient Earthquake.

I sincerely hope that the foregoing observations may appear to the reader when they are printed in America exaggerated rhodomontade. What I fear is that before they reach the reader's eye events may have occurred in Russia which may make them appear miserably inadequate to describe the horrors of the situation. When I left St. Petersburg, three days before Count Witte took office, things seemed to be at the blackest. The great railway strike had paralyzed the life of the nation. From the Caspian to the Baltic not a wheel could move on all the thousands of miles of ironway which, even more than her rivers and canals, are the great arteries of Russian trade. St. Petersburg was like a city in a state of siege. The prices of all kinds of food had risen as they rise when an enemy is preparing to blockade a city. The shutters were up in most of the shops. The banks were closing down one after another under the order of the Terrorists. All the factories were shut down on penalty of being burned if they resisted the orders of the Strike Committee. At night the streets were in dense darkness. The electric light was the first to go, then the gas followed. In Russia the cabs carry no lamps. Imagine a city of over a million inhabitants suddenly reduced to a state of Cimmerian darkness, with all its workmen idle, and the majority of the population in more or less sullen revolt against the Government!

Here and there were centres of violent feverish activity. At the University, in the Technical Institutes and other meeting-places you could hear the throb of the heart of the Revolution. Excited speakers declaimed, and eager audiences applauded the same kind of rhetoric that thrilled the Palais Royal in the French Revolution. "When are we going to send this criminal idiot of a Czar to Hell!" screams one orator, and another, not to be outdone, recommends the erection of the guillotine in St. Isaac's Square for the speedy dispatch of the authors of the January massacre to their infernal home. In another meeting an artillery officer, amid the frantic cheers of his hearers, pledges his word and that of his brothers of the artillery that they will never, under any provocation, fire upon the people.

Free Lessons in Bomb-Making

WOMEN, too, as in Paris, are well to the front. A lady student with much precision propounds the theory that there is nothing so efficacious as bombs. And then, having secured the enthusiastic approval of her audience, she proceeds to give them prescriptions for the manufacture of high explosives. "Nothing can be more simple," she explains to her delighted listeners. "The deadliest explosives can be manufactured by any one in their own bedroom for the cost of a few kopeks. It is so simple. Here is the formula"—and five thousand persons listen with eagerness as she states the chemical constituents of the high explosives with which the weakest girl may blow the enemies of the people to destruction.

So it goes on hour after hour. Men and women of all classes are present. Rows of carriages are lined up outside waiting till the meeting is over. Rich and poor mingle together, women of the town, students, workmen and soldiers crowd and jostle each other, all intoxicated with the drench of revolutionary eloquence. Not a policeman is visible. They will reassemble to-morrow and again the day after, and endless days afterward. "Social Democrats on this side, Social Revolutionaries on that"—so runs the plainly printed direction. And everywhere men and women talk, not with bated breath, but with loud and excited voices, of The Movement, which, irresistible as a cyclone, seems to them to be sweeping everything before it.

Out into the dark night, away from the clamor of these excited voices, you feel even in the silence that the atmosphere has become electric. Suddenly there is a clatter of steel on stone; horses are galloping over the pudding-stone pavement. You shrink into a doorway as a sotnia of Cossacks ride furiously down the street, emerging out of the darkness and vanishing into the darkness like noisy phantoms in a haunted city. Troops occupy the deserted railway stations. Down the three-mile-long Nevski Prospect lies a blinding glare of the searchlight from the Admiralty Tower, and toward the one brilliantly lighted spot in St. Petersburg the citizens swarm in thousands like moths to the lantern, heedless of warnings against assembling in crowds, and the printed orders of General Trepoff to his troops to use ball cartridges in dispersing unlawful assemblages—and, above all, not to spare cartridges.

The wildest rumors circulate from hand to mouth. The newspapers cease to appear; the compositors also have gone on strike. To-morrow, the waiter tells us, we shall have no coffee for breakfast as the supply of milk has run out. The sick are left to die without medicine, for the chemists are on strike. Military rations are being supplied to the hospitals. No one knows when the water supply will be cut off. No trams are running, not even the antediluvian horse-cars that once crawled about the streets. In a day or two the isvostchiks will strike—they also have their grievances against the police. And, to crown all, we hear that the police themselves are requesting a hall in the university to set forth their grievances and demand redress! There is no post or newspaper from the outer world.

A Powerless Government

AND the Government! There was practically no Government! There was the Czar at Peterhof, to whom access could be gained only by sea. There were various ministers or heads of departments, contemplating the wide waste of ever-extending anarchy in helpless despair. The talk was on every tongue that Count Witte was to be made Prime Minister, but as yet the Czar hesitated. Day followed day and still the Czar hesitated. And all the while the movement did not hesitate, like the Revolution "il va toujours."

It was on the Monday of that blackest week at the end of October that I went to see Count Witte. I had seen him three or four times before when the sky had been serene and Russia dominated the Continent. I was to see him now under other circumstances. He has built himself a huge hulk of a white house fronting on the main street which leads from the Troitski Bridge to the Islands, the Bois de Boulogne of St. Petersburg. I found the Count in the worst of humors, as sulky as a bear with a sore head. He had, it must be admitted, cause for ill temper.

The situation was becoming more and more difficult every hour. The strike was knocking the bottom out of society. The Revolution was gaining in audacity and in insolence every day. And the Soldiers of Despair were being recruited steadily by Hunger and Cold—starvation occasioned by the stoppage of work, and aggravated by the enormous rise in the price of the necessaries of life. When Witte fell, three years before, he had predicted his return to power "when things got bad enough." Bad enough they were in all conscience now, and still, as he told us grumpily, he had no information to lead him to anticipate that he was to be called to office.

Imagine a tall, stalwart man with a broken nose, cowering or crouching in his chair, receiving his visitors rather as a badger receives the visits of dogs in his barrel, and you have Count Witte, now Sergius the First, Prime Minister of Russia. He would not be interviewed. That I expected, but I was hardly prepared for the extraordinary ill grace with which he conducted the conversation. "You should not have been surprised," said a Russian friend. "Every one knows that when Witte is put out he is a beast. And he must have had a bad time at Peterhof before you saw him."

That, no doubt, was the secret. For a strong man Count Witte is almost incredibly subject to ups and downs. In the course of the same Council meeting he will pass from the height of good spirits to the depth of depression. Like the little girl in the rhyme, "when he is good he is very, very good, but when he is bad he is horrid." He was distinctly horrid in the hour I spent with him—chafing inwardly, I suppose, at the hesitation of the crowned Hamlet whose irresolution he had so often denounced so bitterly in the past, but whose mandate was indispensable before he could even begin to face the perilous storm which threatened the dynasty with ruin.

What had happened, I heard subsequently, was simply that, when the Czar asked him to take the reins, the Count, in plain, blunt language, set forth the conditions on which alone he would consent to accept office. It was absolutely necessary, he told the Czar, that the existing ministerial anarchy must be ended. There must be a cabinet of ministers who would correlate the various departments of government and impart unity to the administration of the empire. This Cabinet must have a President, or Prime Minister, who would select his colleagues—subject, of course, to Imperial approval—and who would be answerable for their policy before the Emperor—he does not relish much the idea of responsibility before the Douma. "It is not at all necessary," he told the Czar, "that you should select Count Witte for that post. But some one you must select, and the man whom you select must be one whose program your Majesty must be able with a whole heart to approve and support." In answer to the Czar's question as to what program Count Witte would put forward if the choice fell on him, the Count replied by setting forth the program which was subsequently embodied in the manifesto of October 30.

The old unlimited Autocracy, which was past praying for, must be accorded an immediate burial. Constitutionalism in deed, if not in express terms, must be accepted as inevitable. The Douma of the Empire must be given legislative powers. Its basis must be broadened and the Council of the Empire must be reconstituted. There must be conceded the indispensable liberties: Liberty of person, liberty of speech, liberty of association, liberty of conscience and liberty of the press. If the Czar was prepared to accept this program as his own, and he thought Count Witte was the man to carry it out, then Count Witte was entirely at his Majesty's disposition. If on the other hand his Imperial Majesty hesitated at accepting so thoroughgoing a program, then Count Witte could not undertake the responsibility of office.

Such, I gathered from various sources, was the sum and substance of the conversation between Sovereign and Subject at Peterhof the day before I intruded into the den of the Subject that gray, cold Monday morning. The Sovereign, it was evident, had not returned a decisive answer. And as I listened to the growling talk of the Subject, which at times sank to a hoarse whisper, I felt sorry for the Sovereign. It was not exactly a case of Beauty and the Beast, but something like it. The two men were almost the extremes of contrasted types—the one all sympathy and charm, full of grace of manner, delicate in tact and almost caressing in the intimacy of his speech; the other antipathetic and rude, a hulking, sulking, suspicious, distrustful creature, ill at ease himself, who made you also feel ill at ease. Yet you could not help feeling sympathetic even with Count Witte, despite all his faults. For it was enough to disconcert any one to have to wait day after day, hour after hour in this atmosphere electric with revolution while the Czar was making up his mind to the inevitable. Delay was perilous, but the Czar would not reply. He had had long months in which to come to a decision. Six weeks before he had assured me with the utmost frankness that he had resolved to pursue the line now chalked out for him by Count Witte. When I begged him to declare it there and then, he shrank back because it would be "too precipitate." And now, when the evils then foreseen were fast thickening around his throne, he hesitated—hesitated still! It was enough to provoke a saint—and Count Witte is no saint, but rather what one who knew him well described as the type of "the great immoral Russian," who had forged his way up by sheer, ruthless and not altogether scrupulous will.

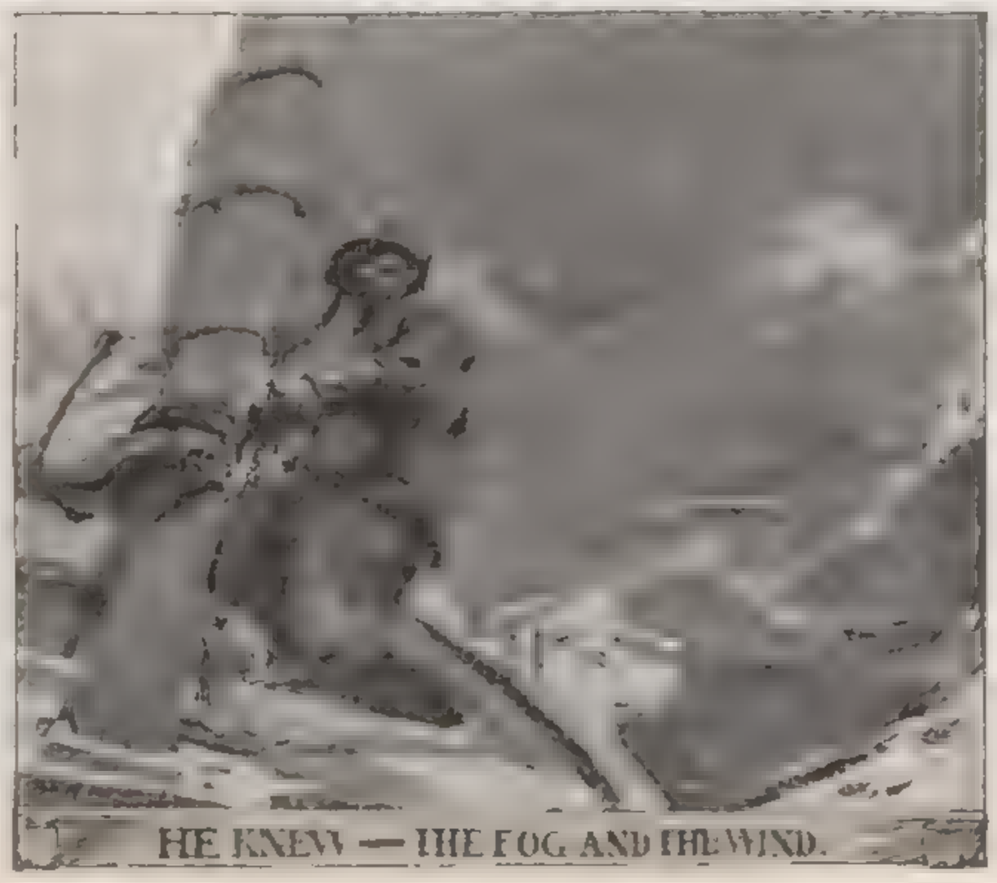
It was on Monday morning, October 23, that I saw him restless and impatient at his Sovereign's indecision. It was not till midnight on the following Monday that the manifesto appeared which proclaimed the triumph of the resolute Minister over the hesitation of his Sovereign. Seven precious days had been lost and a situation which had been perilous in the extreme on the twenty-third had become almost desperate. Nevertheless, Count Witte girded up his loins and at once began to grapple with the dangers which confronted him. As he had foreseen, the manifesto itself effected an immediate slackening of the revolutionary tension. The railway strike came to an end. Business was resumed. The streets were relit and everywhere throughout the Empire there was rejoicing. But the long delay had to be heavily paid for. Concessions which, if they had been made six weeks earlier, would have had the charm of an act of grace, were now hailed as proofs of weakness.

The Revolution had only to ask and to have. Democracy, inebriated by the completeness of its own triumph, clapped its hands in glee and then prepared to ask for more. It celebrated its victory with natural insolence. Processions carrying the red banner of Social Revolt marched through the streets flaunting the emblems of anarchy before the scandalized eyes of the former custodians of order. Revolutionary songs were chanted, the sacred ikons were flouted, in some places the Emperor's portrait was insulted. Everywhere in the south and west, within the pale where the Jews abound, the Jew was in evidence and in triumph. It was his day. His brains had largely planned the revolutionary movement, and his race was to reap the most abundant harvest from the downfall of Autocracy. But in all this he reckoned without his host.

The revolutionary movement in Russia, like all other movements of the kind, can only triumph by inflicting defeat upon those who, until the moment of victory, have been in possession of power. When the Revolution is suddenly achieved by the capture of the central Government, it is as if the citadel had surrendered while the outlying forts were still occupied in force by the garrison. Under these circumstances, the dismantling of the forts and the disarming of their garrisons are tasks which should precede any celebration of the capture of the citadel—at least within

THE DEAD FISHERMAN

by Theodore Roberts.



HE KNEW — THE FOG AND THE WIND.

He knew God's wonders – now let him rest
With his toil-worn hands on his fearless breast.
The fish come into the silver bays
And the red sun goes to the west,

But never again, with the wind and the tide,
Will he swing out from the harbor side;
Never again will he see the boats,
And the flakes where the fish are dried.

He knew God's wonders—the fog and the wind
And the clear, clear sun with the smoke behind,
And the loud-mouthed billows that chase the fleets,
And the little winds that are kind.

In grief and hunger he tacked and veered.
Famine and greed were the things he feared.
But now he craves nor food or drink
Since the last black cape is cleared.

The gulls swerve over the laughing bay
Where he and his skiff sailed yesterday;
And down where his lobster-traps are piled
The green tide has its way.

When the wind blows south and the ice drifts in
And the "tickle" is mad with the crashing din,
Right well he'll know, tho' his hands are crossed,
How the spray flies white and thin.

When the sea-smoke hides the floor of the sea
And the blind tides moan and the white birds flee,
He'll feel some twinge of the mad wind's pain
And the lost ship's misery.

The purple cliffs and the flocking gulls,
The filling sails and the leaning hulls
Will paint his dreams—and mist of tears
Will come with the wind that lulls.

range of the guns of the forts. This elementary maxim of prudence was forgotten when the Jews celebrated with the other Liberals the downfall of the old régime. For the officials, the police and the gendarmes and all those whose livelihood was immediately threatened by the overthrow at St. Petersburg, were still in possession of all power. They alone were armed; they were in authority, and they saw with ill-concealed chagrin and dismay the triumph of their adversary. The triumph of the Revolution seemed to them the end of all things. Witte was by marriage related to the children of Israel. The Emperor had been captured by the Jews. Orthodoxy, thought the officials, was in danger—the spoils of office would soon pass to their hated opponents.

When such sentiments filled the mind of the custodians of power in the south, a spark sufficed to let loose the constantly-charged mine of anti-Jewish hatred upon the Jews. In fifty towns and cities the Jews were attacked, at first, it may be, as one mob attacks another, but very soon what began as a street row developed into a savage and predatory attack on the Jews. They resisted the onslaught, and massacre and outrage became the order of the day. Thus Sergius the First had no sooner proclaimed liberty of conscience and liberty of person in St. Petersburg than the streets of scores of Russian cities ran red with the blood of murdered Jews and slaughtered Christians. There were fifty per cent. more Christians killed in Odessa than Jews. It was the first sullen, savage response of reaction to the triumph of the Revolution.

The Voice from Poland

As if this were not sufficient, Count Witte found himself confronted by a revolutionary movement in Poland, which threatened Russia with two of the greatest perils to which an empire can be exposed. Warsaw had for long been the headquarters of "the War Department," the Terrorist branch of the revolutionary movement. The agitation in favor of Polish autonomy had been solemnly approved by the Zemstvo Congress at Moscow. The Czar, in the spring, had conceded most of the demands for which Polish patriots had pressed in vain for a long series of years, and the oppressed nationality rejoiced in the restoration of long-lost freedom in school and in church. If the Poles had been united they might have attained almost all they desired, short of the dismemberment of Russia. But disunion has ever been the bane of the Poles. The Jews, the Social Democrats, the Nationalists, although occasionally combining against the common enemy, fought fiercely among themselves. Poland, when Count Witte took office, seemed to him to be fast relapsing into anarchy. And every Russian believes that, when once anarchy reigns in Poland, the German troops will occupy the country as the Russians occupied Hungary in 1849.

To avert this danger, to restore order, Count Witte suspended the Constitution in Poland, and placed the country under martial law.

This step may have been necessary, but its consequences were most unfortunate. Count Witte's idea on taking office was to constitute a Liberal Cabinet, surrounding himself with ministers whose names were a guarantee for the genuineness of the new departure. At first he seemed as if he were likely to be successful. Prince Eugene Troubetskoi, the brother of the Rector of Moscow University, whose death was made the occasion for a great popular demonstration against the Government, accepted the Ministry of Education, a post which Count Witte had intended for the deceased Rector. M. Shipoff, the ablest and most reasonable of the early Zemstvoists, accepted office. So did his brother, a younger man, who accompanied Count Witte to Portsmouth. Prince Alexis Obolensky, a thorough Liberal, succeeded M. Pobiedonesteff as Procurator of the Holy Synod. A leading Moscow notable also consented to enter his Cabinet.

Suddenly this fair promise of better things was dashed to the ground. With one consent all the Liberals who had provisionally accepted office retired from the Cabinet, with the exception of the new Procurator of the Holy Synod. The precise grounds for this secession have never been precisely explained, but it is currently reported that they retired chiefly because Count Witte considered that the restoration of order must take precedence of reform. General Trepoff, the Turk's-head of the Revolutionists, was retained in office as Commander-in-Chief of the troops in St. Petersburg. Martial law was proclaimed in Poland; a modified martial law known as reinforced protection was established in governments where the peasants were pillaging the estates of the nobles. And, to crown all, Count Witte refused to pledge himself in favor of the election of a Constituent Assembly based on universal suffrage. "The Thames fled from him." Count Witte was compelled to reconstitute his Cabinet, filling the posts with men who knew how to handle the administrative machine, but who otherwise were of no political importance. The new ministry became the Cabinet of Count Witte and his clerks.

A Distrusted Witte

In accounting for this extraordinary and deplorable result of the first great effort to secure a homogeneous Liberal ministry in Russia, it is necessary to take into account the exceeding great and very natural distrust with which Count Witte is regarded by everybody. That he is an extremely able man not even his worst enemy denies. He is a kind of debased Mr. Chamberlain, a man of the people, full of personal feeling, eaten up by ambition, a man resolute, ruthless, an opportunist to his finger-tips. Conservatives regard him as a Red Republican *in petto*. Revolutionists condemn him to death as the most dangerous agent of despotism. He is a man who has never in the course of his upward march hesitated to sacrifice friend or foe who stood in his path. "I know Witte well, and I like him," said a former colleague of his. "I have known him all his life. He is a very clever man, a great worker. But as I said to him one day: 'You are so cynical. I never know when you say anything whether you really believe it, or whether you are only saying it.' He laughed and that was all. He has another great fault. He is quite certain that everybody can be bought with money. Not necessarily by paying them so many roubles over the counter, but 'squared' by being put in the way of helping themselves. And that, in such a country as Russia, is a great fault in a leading man."

Witte began life poor; he is now very wealthy. "Believe me," said another Russian who knew him well, "it is grossly unjust to say that Witte has ever abused his position as Minister of Finance. It was before that, when he was in the railway service in the south, that he made his money by making the Stock Exchanges jump." When I repeated this to another old acquaintance, he shrugged his shoulders: "Perhaps. But in these later days the jumping may have been done by some one else, but not to his (Witte's) detriment."

Putting these things together, it may be understood that Count Witte is not by any means a magnetic man. Almost the only people in the world whom he seems to have charmed were the interviewers of the American papers. Between the Czar and M. Witte for years past there was no love lost. The strong, resolute Minister treated his Sovereign very much as the harrow treats the toad, and the toad, after bearing it for some time, lost patience at last, and M. Witte fell. But he did not fall silently. He poured his woes into every sympathetic ear. To one friend of mine he descanted for five hours on end concerning the scandalous way in which he had been treated, and it was impossible that some echo of these lamentations and denunciations should not reach the ears of the Sovereign. Be this as it may, the Emperor has let bygones be bygones. Witte was the indispensable man, and, therefore, he has given Witte a free hand.

Count Witte is not a man of consistent political principle. His ideas, however, are tolerably clearly manifest in his policy in the past. And being what they are, it is easy to see how difficult the Liberals found it to work with him. If they are anything they are doctrinaire Liberals, passionate for liberty, distrustful of centralization, in favor of local self-government, and sworn foes of the bureaucratic régime. The Count is the supreme bureaucrat of the world. Never was there such a centralizing tchinovik. He is, if he is anything, a State Socialist of the most advanced type, who has made the sale of vodka and the railways State Departments, and whose ruling idea was to monopolize in the hands of the central Administration the supply not only of vodka but of sugar and tea, of drugs and chemicals, and, in time, of all the necessaries of life.

Between such a man and Liberals of the Zemstvo type there is a great gulf fixed. Nevertheless, in this world we cannot secure perfection, and it was much to be regretted that the Liberals could not bring themselves to support, if not to work with, the one man who stood between Russia and Anarchy.

Troubles thickened around the head of the Minister who stood alone, the forlorn hope alike of liberty and of order. The Jewish troubles, which in some places developed into a veritable civil war, were succeeded by a series of agrarian disorders which might have filled the stoutest heart with dismay. In great provinces the peasants pillaged and looted at will the estates of the landowners. They sometimes added arson and slaughter to the more congenial task of plunder. Occasionally they felled forests and sold the timber for vodka. There was no distinction made between good landlords and bad. Some of the best and most liberal landlords fared the worst. Jacquerie of this kind is ever the most serious symptom of revolutionary fever in agricultural countries. When province after province was devastated by pillaging peasants, the Empire was suddenly illuminated at either extremity by a mutiny of armed men. Cronstadt and Vladivostock were given to the flames by their own garrisons, and the two great naval fortresses of Russia at the extreme limits of two continents shed a lurid glare over the distracted land. Of the two the mutiny in Vladivostock was far the more serious. In Cronstadt only 2000 drunken marines took part in the orgie of fire and rapine which was speedily trampled out. But the indirect results of the Cronstadt *émeute* were more serious than those of the burning of Vladivostock. For the workmen of St. Petersburg, flushed with their recent victory, decided to seize the threat to decimate the Cronstadt mutineers as an opportunity to appeal to the sympathy of the army and navy. They ordered a general strike as a protest against the punishment of their brothers of the marines, and added as additional reasons for joining in the strike a protest against martial law in Poland and a demand for a universal eight-hours day.

The summons to strike met with a very partial response, but for some time the railways were tied up and business paralyzed. In the midst of all this welter of confusion Count Witte worked indomitably twenty hours a day. His health was not good. He could not sleep. At any moment he might have broken down. And then? Fortunately he did not break down. The violence of the Strike Committee provoked a reaction so violent that it threatened at one time to result in bloody reprisals. The resignation of General Trepoff, who was sacrificed to the animosity of the Liberals, failed to rally any of the party to the Cabinet. But when the Zemstvo Congress reassembled at Moscow it was evident that some, at least, of the visionary doctrinaires who had mocked at my appeals two months before had been converted by the stern teaching of events and were prepared to face the situation in a more practical spirit. At the moment of writing (November 22) Count Witte seems to have temporarily weathered the worst of the storm. But the situation in Russia is so fraught with elements of danger, so barren of elements of safety, that it will, indeed, to quote the familiar phrase, "be of the Lord's mercy" if Sergius the First should escape unscathed from the maelstrom of revolutionary anarchy and reactionary passion.

Amid the Corn

We walked together where the tasseled corn
  Was waving in the gloaming its good-by
  To all the sunshine fading from the sky.
And every step was glad. Because the morn
Would bring another day, and Joy is born
  Of Twilight and To-morrow. You, nor I,
  Dear heart, heard those soft croonings prophesy
The hour should come when I should go forlorn
Beside you, every step a pang. I tried
To touch the wistful corn; to laugh
As in the olden time before my great
  Mistake. Each step was pain because of Pride—
  I bought those dinky sizes and a half
  When I can't wear a smaller than an 8!

—*Allison Yerrell*

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Quitting the Strenuous Life

The Bird that Lays the Golden Eggs

BY FORREST CRISSEY

THE multitude of the daintily nourished has increased immensely in recent years, and the demands for expensive table luxuries have surpassed all calculations. At the same time, there has been a startling decrease in the supply of game birds. State after State has passed game laws of the most stringent kind, until the field has been narrowed to a season of a few days for the most popular varieties of game birds.

Naturally the caterers have been forced to seek a substitute for the game bird—one almost as acceptable to the public as the partridge, the prairie chicken or the quail, the supply of which may at all times be depended upon. These conditions go far to account for the sudden prominence of the squab business. Hundreds of seekers for the simple life have attempted this calling. Those who have failed attribute their downfall to the lack of a market paying profitable prices for birds. From this it would appear that the development of the right kind of a market is quite as important as the development of the right kind of squabs. It seems to be generally admitted among squab-raisers that no squab-raiser in the West has succeeded in marketing his birds, for the table, at so high a price as Mr. Frank M. Bailey. His experience is, therefore, of special interest. Mr. Bailey's own account of how he came to betake himself to squab-raising is as follows:

"A decided fondness for pets of all sorts, both animals and birds, is accountable for my entering the squab business. When the idea of keeping pigeons first came to me I was a lawyer in Chicago and was working hard—so hard that I felt keenly the need of a recreation which would command my interest all the time outside of office hours and keep me out of doors much of the time.

"My home place was, it seemed to me, almost ideal in situation for indulging in this kind of a diversion. It afforded all the advantages of the country and of a high-class residence suburb, being only eighteen miles from the city.

"For almost a year before I bought a pigeon, or decided to do so, I read the best things I could find on poultry, pigeon and Belgian hare raising and on intensive farming. At last I came to the conclusion that pigeons not only promised to be more profitable than chickens or hares, but were more attractive in every way. Their beauty and grace appealed to me. So, too, did the fact that they feed their own young—nursing them almost as literally as if they were mammals. This, it seemed to me, would go far toward insuring better success in raising the young than could be expected with any variety of fowls not feeding the young in the manner peculiar to pigeons.

"Not since the days of boyhood, when I gained secret but unfailing joy from poring over gun catalogues, have I found any printed pages so absorbing as those of the pigeon books from which I selected my first stock. The catalogues from all the concerns in the business were read, reread, compared and mastered until I almost knew their contents by heart. Finally a choice was made and I sent to one of the Eastern stock farms of the pigeon industry a check for $83.50 for fifty pairs of pigeons at $1.67 a pair.

"Meantime I found daily diversion in preparing a home for the birds that were to be my playthings. This was twelve by fourteen feet and nine feet high, with a "fly" or "gym" of two-inch-mesh woven wire. It was so well made that it cost at least forty dollars more than it should—a large waste on a bill of $125. The biggest item of extravagance was the shingles. It had a double or gable roof as carefully shingled as if human beings were to live under it.

The Squab Farm, North Section, Granary, Killing-Room and Breeding-Pens

"I am almost ashamed to confess the excitement which I felt when waiting for the arrival of the birds. Their house was ready long before they came and stocked with feed enough for several months.

"All other business was entirely suspended when the big box containing the birds was delivered by the express company. As I had bargained and paid for fifty pairs of mated birds, I expected to find eggs in the boxes almost as soon as the birds had time to arrange a few tobacco stems into crude nests. In fact, I am not positive that I did not get up early the next morning after the breeders came in order to be the first of the family to find the first egg of our little enterprise. That was the fifteenth of September, and day after day, until the eleventh of December, we haunted those nests looking for that first egg.

"There was a skip of a day and then another egg nestled alongside its companion. The squabs resulting from those two eggs were too precious to sell and so we ate them with due ceremony. Although the birds were entirely free from disease, it became evident that there was trouble somewhere, for we did not get another egg until January 24, when we found two sets. Because of a severe illness, I have no record for February. Then I began to trap the nesting birds upon the nest, and by this means discovered that I had ten extra eggs.

"Of course, this was a serious setback, for which the firm from which I had bought my birds was responsible. However, it taught me a valuable lesson.

"It must be kept in mind that I had no expectation whatever of making money on my little enterprise right from the start. All I undertook was to learn how to raise squabs on a profitable basis and to build up a breeding force that would finally turn out squabs in paying quantities. However, between January 1 and July 21, 1904, I raised 101 pairs of squabs and lost seven pairs. For the ninety pairs which I sold I received $112.50, or $1.25 a pair. My records show that this result was produced at a cost of nineteen dollars a year for feeding the fifty pairs of parent birds.

"To many pigeon-raisers the statement that I was able regularly to get $1.25 a pair for pigeons may seem incredible. That is undoubtedly the highest price for squabs known in the West. It may be of special interest to know how I was able to command this price in a market not 'educated up to the consumption of squabs.'

"In the first place, I fully settled it with myself that I would not discount the future of the business by producing a cheap squab or by selling at a cheap price. I determined to build up the best kind of a market if I had to go much slower at the start, being fully persuaded that a choice trade, willing to pay a fancy price for a fancy article, was the only one that, in the end, when I became able to turn out a large volume of product, would yield a profit worth while.

"My first three customers were intimate friends who had a kindly interest in my little enterprise. When I sent the first pairs of birds to their tables I was almost as eager about the results as when I began the trial of my first lawsuit in court. But the verdict was decidedly in my favor and was in the form of a standing order for all the birds I was then able to furnish.

"As these friends lived near me I was at no expense whatever in the matter of delivery. From the beginning of my experiment the squabs from my breeders were of a choice quality and weighed nine pounds to the dozen, or an average of twelve ounces each. When properly dressed their skins were clear and white.

"My first customers had been supplied only a short time when I received requests for birds from their intimate friends, who also placed a standing order for a certain number each week throughout the cool season.

"This start was, it seemed to me, a sufficient guarantee of future business to furnish me a basis for making a most important change in my manner of life. My severe illness made it imperative that I quit all work involving office confinement and cut loose entirely from 'the strenuous life,' taking up some vocation that would keep me out of doors practically all the time. Had I not already become actively interested in squab raising, I would have been, at this point, greatly at loss to know what calling to adopt. But, under the circumstances, I very naturally made up my mind to devote my energies to this business.

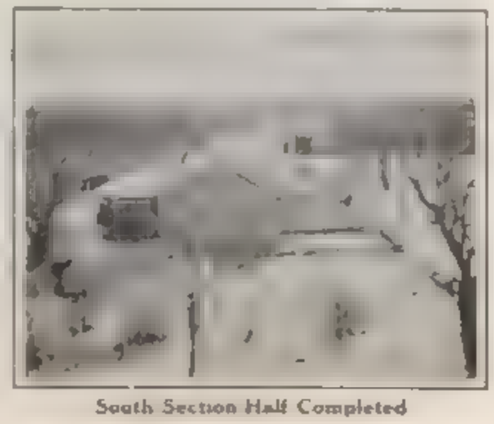
"This abandonment of my profession took place in the fall of 1904, and I have, therefore, had little opportunity to do more than lay the foundations of a business to be run upon a very small commercial scale. However, it seems to me that I have already demonstrated the feasibility of squab-raising for the man who has a taste for that sort of thing and who is satisfied to earn the equivalent of a fair office salary in the city and at the same time live on 'the fat of the land' and be independent of the restrictions of the desk. And from the start I have had a kind of living that is very expensive when paid for outright.

"Not until after Christmas, 1904, did I build the enlarged plant in which my birds are now housed and cared for according to the most sanitary standards known to squab-raisers. Although I have now 1600 breeding birds, I expect that my plant will be sufficient for some time to come; certainly my expenses for plant expansion will be comparatively trifling, considering that the business has only a normal and satisfactory growth.

"Let me assure the reader that the building of a city house or a seashore cottage could not have given me keener or more constant pleasure than I found in drawing up the plans of these pigeon-houses and working out every detail of their construction. Not in a single step of the process did my interest flag or falter; each item was a delight, and although I employed a carpenter and a helper, I did with my own hands every stroke of the work that my strength would permit. And what is the result? These two long pigeon-houses mean more to me, in a way, than the house which shelters my family and myself at night—for all my days are spent with the birds.

"Ordinary two-by-fours formed the uprights of the structure. Outside this framework was a sheeting of building paper

Squab Farm in June, 1904



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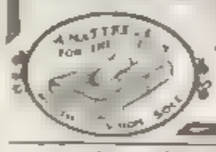

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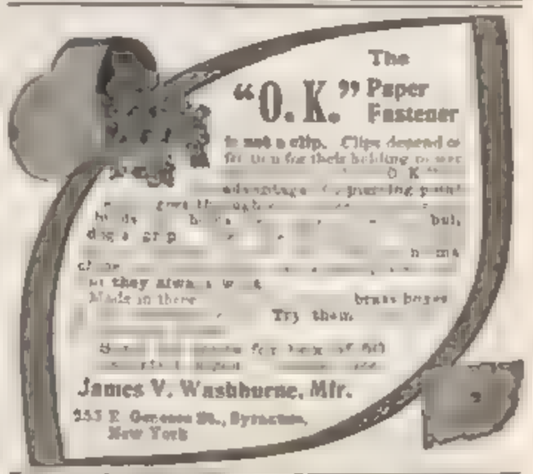

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overlaid with an exterior of drop-siding. The inside walls, the ceilings and the floors were all sheeted with building paper which, with the matched flooring material, made the place uncommonly warm. Each of these buildings is divided into ten small sections, twelve feet square, the walls of which are set with one hundred and twenty nests. Generally speaking, only fifty pairs of birds are housed in one of these sections. The only entrance to the section is had by doors opening into the three-foot alley that extends the length of each building. Each building has four large galvanized iron ventilators. These and the small windows in small sections are so connected that they may be opened or shut by the throwing of a master-lever. This saves disturbing the birds—something which always happens when a person goes in among them.

"Along the south side of each building extends the gymnasium or 'fly' in which the birds take their exercise. This is made of wire netting and is divided into sections to correspond with those inside the house—each being eighteen feet deep, twelve feet wide and nine feet high. Alighting boards are located on three sides of each wire compartment. In addition to the two small windows seven feet from the ground each section has a large window of twelve panes.

"All the feeding and watering is done inside the house, but the bathtubs are in the 'gym' sections. These are shallow galvanized iron pans connected by pipes so that a movement of a lever opens the pans and turns on the water. Each day, for two hours, those little bathtubs are opened and the birds have as much sport splashing the water over each other as a company of schoolboys in a swimming-hole. The yards are freshly spaded and graveled once a year.

"My two houses—containing twenty individual sections, a killing-room and granary—constructed and equipped as I have described, cost me $1925. Undoubtedly they might have been built at a lower cost and served the purpose all right, under ordinary circumstances, but the cheaper construction would not have been an insurance against climatic and other emergencies, nor would it have afforded so much convenience for the handling of the birds.

"Now to return to the matter of marketing. When I found myself in position to supply more squabs than those earlier customers who came to me without special effort could use, I ordered a quantity of postcards printed, about one-third of the card being occupied by a fine half-tone print of a pair of dressed squabs hanging against a dark background. The principal text of the card is as follows:

"'Ours is the only farm from which can be obtained the real Number One Philadelphia Squab, weighing from twelve to sixteen ounces apiece. We ship the Squabs to your door, express prepaid, in neat boxes, drawn, dry-picked and ready for the oven. The price is one dollar per pair. A trial order will convince you of the superiority of our Squabs, both in size and delicate flavoring, over any in the Chicago market.'

"Regularly, each evening, I mailed a card to each of the heads of families mentioned in the society columns of the leading papers, keeping a card-catalogue list to prevent duplication. Also I mailed cards to the best names in the social blue book. As a result, in a city which is not as yet educated to a normal consumption of squabs, I have developed a demand far greater than I can meet.

"In fact, the response from this appeal has been sufficient to indicate, beyond question, that a large and steady market, in private trade, is awaiting those who can produce choice squabs, and that the prices obtainable for dressed birds delivered need never go below one dollar a pair.

"It is almost impossible to exaggerate the importance of putting the squabs before the consumer in an attractive and appetizing form. Each bird is wrapped in oil tissue-paper and put in an individual box, the name of the breeder being neatly stamped on the inner and outer wrapper as well as being imprinted on the cardboard box itself. Inside each box I place a neatly-printed slip giving four ways of cooking a squab.

"In the summer, when most of his customers are away at resorts, the squab-raiser may be obliged to sell to restaurants and hotels at $3.75 a dozen. However, there is good money in squabs at that price if produced in considerable quantities. I have never sold below that figure in dog-days and can contract with hotels for the summer at from four dollars to four dollars and eighty cents a dozen.

"The expense of feeding I have already indicated. The only item to add to that is twenty-five dollars a month for a helper. I have now, in round numbers, 1800 breeding birds, and it is practically a physical impossibility for one man to do all the work connected with their care. Perhaps a very strong man thoroughly used to rough work might do it, but certainly a man quitting the strenuous life of the office would find it too hard a task. On the other hand, my helper takes care of the entire place of two and one-half acres, and could handle it easily if every foot of the land were cultivated in the most intensified manner. There is no light out-of-doors calling, it seems to me, that can be more advantageously combined with gardening, small fruit-raising, the culture of asters or other field flowers, or with bee-keeping, than squab-raising when not conducted upon too large a scale.

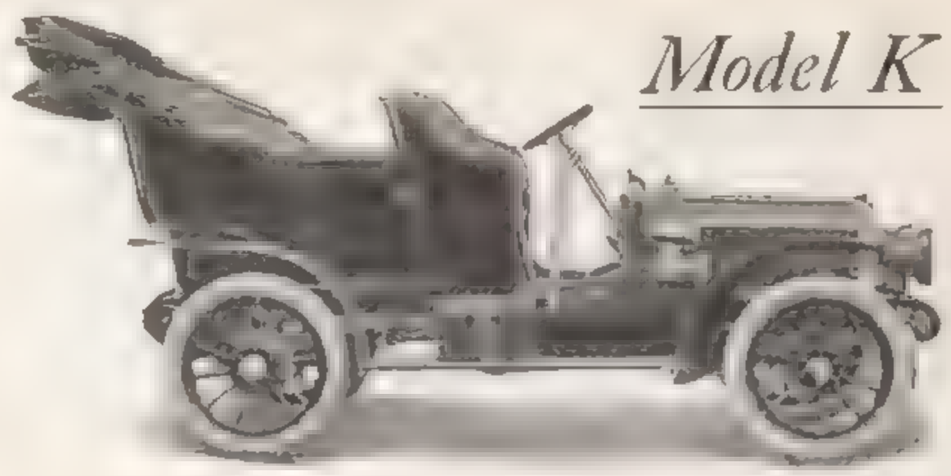
"Naturally, a large amount of the richest kind of fertilizer is produced by the birds, and this could be applied to the land of the squab-farmer without any expense for handling or shipment. And the same observation applies to all that is taken from the birds in process of dressing them for the market. The man with a house full of breeding pigeons is in an ideal position to handle a few acres of land and secure the largest production of which the ground is capable under the highest pitch of cultivation. If he puts his land into flowers or small fruits, he will naturally find it profitable to keep bees, as they carry pollen from blossom to blossom and produce a freer enrichment and, consequently, a larger yield.

"Then, too, there is still another important point for the man who raises squabs for a private market to consider in connection with the plan of carrying on a subsidiary line as I have suggested. It has been my experience that the private customer who buys squabs from you, and is satisfied that they are of the best, will look to you for other things. The demands, from my squab customers, for eggs has been so great that I have been compelled to make preparations for meeting it. Many of my patrons also importune me for broiling and roasting chickens. While I regard the chicken business as the most difficult and precarious of all the light callings, I am in position to get a fancy price for a fancy article in this line—and so will any person be who builds up the same kind of a squab business that I have developed. If I had an apiary producing honey I could get ten cents above the prevailing market price by having it handled in the right way and put up in packages especially attractive. The same observation applies to practically any product that I might handle in connection with a private trade in fancy squabs.

"Some squab stock farms go altogether too far in their expectations regarding the average number of squabs to the pair of breeders that may be expected from a plant. I have seen the claim that the breeding birds will, to the pair, produce at least eight to ten pairs of squabs a year, taking an average straight through the plant. This year, by the utmost care in selecting breeding-stock, I have raised my average to six. If I ever succeed in getting it up to seven and holding it there I shall be more than satisfied.

"There is no royal road to success in squab-raising, but it must be said that the feed is the thing of supreme importance after starting out with good breeding-stock and a sanitary loft. Unquestionably birds, like human beings, demand variety in food, and this feature should always be held in mind when compounding the ration. Careful study of the best authorities and a scientific observation of results from actual experiments must determine the ingredients of the ration and their proportion. The ration generally consists of wheat, cracked corn, kaffir corn, millet, hemp, buckwheat and Canadian peas. Birds should always have some form of grit—charcoal, mica crystals and powdered oyster shells—before them. Also they must have coarse salt.

"As to general results, I do not mind saying that my present output of squabs from the plant I have described runs about two hundred and fifty pairs of squabs a month, which seems to be very satisfactory on a fixed expense of eighty-eight dollars for labor and feeding. The largest item outside of this is for expressage, which averages about three cents a bird."



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What is the result?

When the motor runs at high speed, on a bit of road-racing, perhaps, that rough-surfaced cylinder will *heat up* quicker than the others ...

... in it, through ..., and the Crank-shaft thus ... twisted, of the Connecting Rod broken. Then you're due for a tow home and a considerable bill at the Repair ... neglected to *stuff* ... of piston, or even ...

... ectly correct ... ship may thus h... of the Maker to ...

... el with a bi... serious accident and ... repair bill.

Most Car Builders are open to the charge of *insufficient* ...

But we are going to be forced ... trade condition to ... ingle Car on the market prematurely.

And no type of Winton Car shall be made in quantity, *for sale*, till the first trial Cars of that type shall have had thousands of miles of *road test*.

Not ... any metal for ... Crank-shafts, Connecting-rods, etc. ... from the Steel Mills till we have *tested* it fully for *strength* and *soundness* on our new Richle Testing Mac...

... the new Model K ... W... ... of ...

guard against any latent defect in material, work... ... rush.

... *engine cars* and *refinement of finish*, ... ce, and costs us money, of course.

But every Winton Model K that leaves our factory will be as nearly perfect, when it leaves, ... on can make ... ctically elim... e *repair bills* ... Car Owners.

And repair bills thus *saved* will soon amount ... than the difference between the first cost to you of a cheap Car and a repairless Winton Model K.

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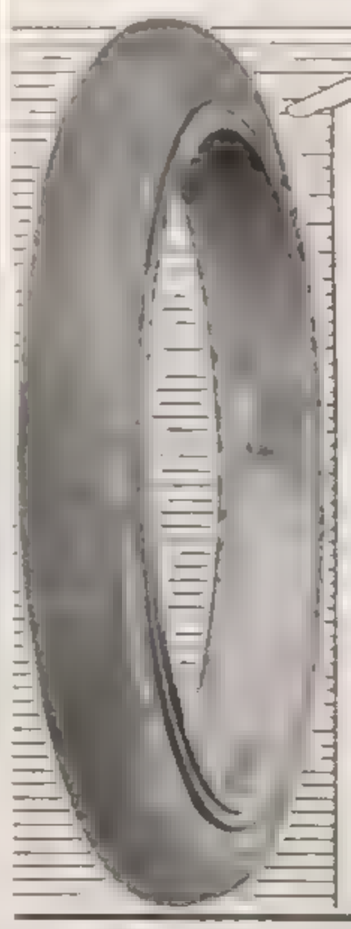

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wenn you have munney in ure kloas too spend
u no that everybuddy is ure frend
nz long uz u have gott it ann thay laff
at awl ure goaks becawz thay think thay haff
to laff at um ann awl the time uno
it aint u but ure munney maiks um so.
ann girls are apptoo flattur u ann say
how swel u look becawz thay no that thay
wil get a bocka uv kanndy ann uno
the wurld u ful ur shamm ann hollo sho.

u are the kappten uv the basebawl teem
uz long uz u wil bi the bouze iskream
ann lend um tenn sense sometimes wenn thare broak
but if ure munney shood go up in smoak
so that u koodunt bi things fore the nime
ude feal it was ure dooty to rezine
becawz thade treet u kool ann say that thay
shood have a basebawl kappten that kood play
ann u wood shedd sum bittur teers ann go
behind the fense ann tri to hide ure wo.

butt if sum grate missforchune kum to u
ann u shood find wun frend hoo was troo bloo
ude klasp him to ure boozem offle tite
ann say awl is not lost wun ray uv lite
remanes ann tho it neerly broak ure hart
to pay ure detts ude taik anuther start
ann wonn ude maid moar munney u wood go
ann orrganuze anuther teem uno
too bete thee life owt uv the teem that throo
u down wenn ure missforchune kum to u.

—*J. W. Foley.*

Nature Studies

Dear Little Lizards

Lizards are pretty. If you care
To have them running 'round your floor,
Accommodations thus prepare
For twenty-three or twenty-four:

You get a lot of clay and sand,
And stones and cactuses a-plenty;
And your thermometer must stand
Exactly at one-hundred-twenty.

Swift Little Centipedes

The cheery, chipper Centipede
I call to your attention—
A swiftly-going beast, indeed,
As I need scarcely mention.

No wonder he such progress makes,
No wonder he is fleet
Because, at every step he takes
He moves a hundred feet.

The Wall-Moose

The merry old Moose
Is saucy and swift;
But I'd have no use
For one as a gift.

He's one of the creatures
I don't want at all,
But I'd like his features
To hang on my wall

—*Carolyn Wells.*

When Mark Twain Played Turtle

OUT in Hannibal, Missouri, there are old people who remember an interesting incident in the childhood of Mark Twain.

When the Clemens family moved to that town from Florida, Missouri, in 1839, the great humorist was four years old. Among his playmates, and living next door, was a little girl named Fanny Pavey.

Between the Clemens and Pavey homes was a high board fence, punctured here and there with knot-holes at which Mark Twain used to play peek-a-boo with Fanny. One day he suggested to her that they play turtle.

"What's playin' turkle?" asked Fanny cautiously.

"Poke your finger frew a knot-hole an' I'll show you," observed the boy.

Little Fanny did as she was ordered. The moment the tiny finger of the trusting child appeared in a knot-hole, Mark Twain, on the other side, grabbed it between his teeth.

Of course, the little girl, not being able to see what had grasped her finger, became terribly frightened and tried to withdraw it. She could not do so, for Mark Twain held on for keeps. Fanny set up a great hue and cry, which anybody is liable to do under the circumstances, and the Pavey and the Clemens families rushed out to see what was the trouble. He did not heed his mother's command to let go and it was necessary to "choke him loose."

Later, when the excitement had subsided, when the youthful turtle had been properly attended to, and when Fanny's finger had been carefully bound up in a piece of calico, Mark Twain was asked why he had refused to let go.

"Turkles, when they bites," said he, "never let go till it thunders."

But it was only the thunder of his mother's slipper that he was permitted to hear.

Frivolous Definitions

Contentment—Ambition gone to seed.

Firmness—It has two meanings. Referring to yourself, it means decision: to your neighbor, obstinacy.

Ridicule—The pin that pricks the bubble of egotism.

Your Wife's Relations—The full house you draw to your queen.

A Good Servant—The one who is coming next week.

Courage—Marrying a second time.

Cleverness—Wisdom underdone.

Love—The banked fires of passion.

A Lover's Quarrel—A miss understanding and a man misunderstanding.

Woman's Rights—The first engagement ring and the last word.

Crank—An unsuccessful reformer.

A Reception—The clearing-house of society's obligations.

Repartee—The retort you think of on the way home.

Breach-of-Promise Suit—Advertising a lost opportunity.

—*Harry Thompson.*

De Rainy Night

I

De rainy night—de rainy night,
W'en de dark cloud drown out ever' light,
I seen my pas' life come in sight!

II

I hears de tinkle er de latch
Dat brings my conscience ter de scratch,
En a Voice cry: "'Member de *melon*-patch?

III

"You 'member ever' plot en plan
Fum yo' cunnin' right ter yo' blin' lef' han',
You triflin', weak, backslidin' man!"

IV

En I make my 'scuse, en he raise dat row:
"I des so po', suh, anyhow,
I ain't got even my '*membunce* now!"

—*Frank L. Stanton.*

Lincoln Relented

IN THE early days of Illinois, when Lincoln was a young lawyer, it was the custom of the profession to go from one county-seat to another for the trial of cases. These journeys were made on horseback, and on one occasion a party of lawyers, among them Mr. Lincoln, were riding across the country in the central part of the State.

The road took them through a prairie, and as they passed along a little bird which had fallen from the nest, lay fluttering on the ground and was noticed by several of the horsemen, including Mr. Lincoln.

After riding a short distance he said to his companions, "Wait a moment, I want to go back." And as they stopped for him he was seen to ride back, dismount and pick up the little feathered waif and carefully put it in the nest.

When he rejoined the party they said, "Why, Lincoln, you need not have stopped for such a trifle as that," but, pausing a little while, he answered quietly, "Well, I feel better for doing it, anyhow."

In the most trying days of the war Lincoln was strolling down Pennsylvania Avenue one evening in company with one of his old and intimate friends from Illinois. He was somewhat anxious and depressed, for there still appeared at times a strange melancholic vein in his temperament. He felt grievously the overpowering responsibility of his position, and some special care of the moment rested apprehensively upon his mind.

The two friends walked slowly along in silence, when suddenly a man stepped in front of the President, and, presenting a paper, said

"Mr. Lincoln, this is the only opportunity I have had to speak to you. Please consider my case. I ——"

Here Mr. Lincoln interrupted him impatiently: "My man, don't annoy me this way. I have too much to think of. You must let me alone."

Then he passed on with his companion, leaving the applicant standing dejectedly on the sidewalk.

The two friends walked a short distance without speaking, when suddenly Mr. Lincoln stopped and said:

"John, I treated that man shamefully. I must go back and see him."

And he at once turned and walked up to the petitioner, who had remained in his despondent attitude.

"My friend," said Lincoln, "I was rude to you just now—I ask your pardon. I have a great deal to worry and trouble me at this time, but I had no right to treat you so uncivilly. Take this card, and come to my office in the morning, and I will do what I can for you. Good-night."

That done, he rejoined his friend to resume his melancholy manner, and silently they walked on as before.

Consolations in Adversity

When the north breezes blow it's consoling to know
That Fate has endowed me with charms,
That my feet are the pegs on the ends of my legs
And my hands on the ends of my arms.

And it lightens my care to be fondly aware
That my head (for it's rightfully mine),
Is so cunningly built as to constantly tilt
On the tip of my vertebrate spine.

For could I feel proud, though by Fortune endowed
With all the vast wealth that you please,
If, through absence of brain, I should have to retain
My thoughts in my elbows and knees?

And oh, I'd be tired, if my duties required
Me to stand like a statue all day,
With my eyes full of tears, only moving my ears
To frighten the sparrows away!

And what would I do with my hands, if I knew
That gloves had been built for my feet?
For thus fitted out it would shame me, no doubt,
To walk with myself on the street.

Just think, if my toes were not trained to repose,
What terrible mischief they'd make!
Perchance on a walk they might suddenly balk
And kick me right into a lake!

Suppose, after that, I should take off my hat
On meeting a person of note—
I'd feel very bad if I found that the fad
Required me to take off my coat!

So let the winds blow! It consoles me to know,
Though I may be hungry and friz,
I may sit in the dust and still nibble my crust,
Contented with Such as it Is.

—*Wallace Irwin.*

A Difficult Case

FORMER Chief Justice Logan E. Bleckley of the Georgia Supreme Court, who, at eighty, is the father of four children each younger than his youngest grandchild, definitely, since his retirement on account of advanced age, to revisit occasionally the scene of his many years of labor and join again, as a sort of mental exercise, in the discussions of the consultation-room.

The other day Judge Bleckley walked into the Supreme Court library when the justices were in the midst of a deeply involved case, one which had for some days given them no little worry. Seeing a possible opportunity to get the benefit of well-considered and valuable advice, the Chief Justice remarked:

"Take these briefs and tell us what you think of this case."

It was just the mental athletics Judge Bleckley seemed to need. He took the briefs and other papers and read them carefully for one—two three hours, occasionally consulting authorities, while the members of the court were occupied with other duties. Then he returned the papers to the Chief Justice, while the whole court looked up expectantly for his opinion.

"Gentlemen, this is one of that class of cases," Judge Bleckley said measuredly, "that, whichever way you decide it, you will decide it wrong."

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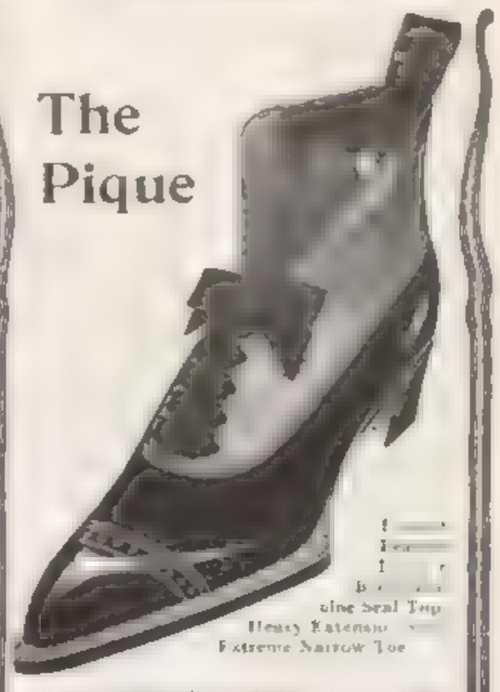

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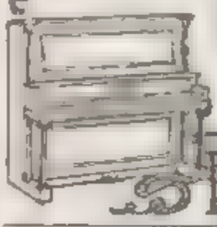

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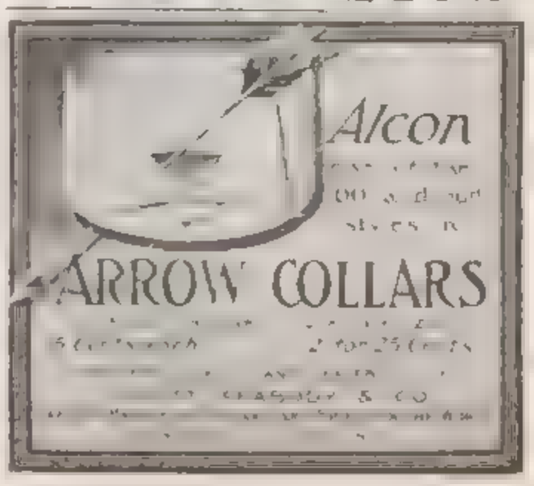

PLAYER FOLK

Clyde Fitch

The Fate of a Jest

IT IS a curious fact that men of the strongest mother-wit are not always the quickest to see the point of other people's jests. At a dinner-party in Rome last summer the conversation turned upon the character of American women as compared with that of the women of the Continent. Clyde Fitch, who was one of the guests, said that, though American women were the frankest in the world in their comradeship with men, they were also the most moral. The very freedom of our social relations, he said, trains them to an instinctive sense of the line that divides propriety from impropriety. On the Continent, he added, women were so hampered by custom that when they strayed the smallest step from the path of conventional conduct they were apt to be lost. One of the other guests was a Cardinal, a grave and pious prelate, but also a shrewd and polished man.

"Am I to understand, then," gravely inquired the Cardinal, "that *all* your countrywomen are leaning towers—is there not one campanile?" The remark was greeted with a flow of surprised merriment. Mr. Fitch joined in the laughter, and treasured the anecdote among his best, telling it in his strikingly dramatic manner on all possible occasions. His traveling companion, however, came by and by to suspect that he had never really seen the point. And sure enough, he hadn't. The good Cardinal's reference was to the Venetian campanile, which had lately fallen.

The Woe of the Minor Actor

THE public little knows the aspirations of the minor actor, struggling for recognition. Clyde Fitch tells the story of a young woman who had a "thinking part" in The Stubbornness of Geraldine. Once, when he was conferring on an important matter with Miss Mannering, the star, this "thinker" interrupted him to say: "How did you like my third act to-night? I think it was a great improvement." The chorus girl who is permitted to cry to the heroine: "I welcome you to the land of faery!" and the super, promoted to the office of footman, who says: "My lord, the carriage waits," throw their whole soul into the study of each syllable, and tremble before the performance like a tragedian on his first essay of Hamlet.

An actor who made his start in Augustin Daly's old stock company tells of his sensations on receiving the line: "Hail to our young laird! May he live long and prosper!" He felt sure that he could put a meaning into it that would electrify the audience. But when it came to rehearsal he found to his bitter grief that in the book the line was marked "Omnes." The whole bunch of supers shouted it together!

Mr. Archie Fahnstock, who played the footman in the first act of Barrie's The Admirable Crichton, received a typewritten line with which he counted on contributing signally to Mr. Gillette's support. At rehearsal he found that his first word was the cue for another man to grab him by the neck and choke him.

Even the artist who has arrived has his trials. The very capable actor who plays the aristocratic villain in The Squaw Man has a bitter tale of woe. He suspects Mr. Faversham of being in love with his wife, and has a scene of passionate indignation denouncing him. Being a married man, he says, he feels the lines very deeply. It is not his fault that in the play he is a villain. But when he has exhausted his breath and worked himself into a white heat, Mr. Faversham walks quietly across the stage with that sidelong, exasperating stride of his, shakes his finger in his face with an air of superior virtue, and says very quietly: "There, that will be enough from you!" And the audience, forgetting the husband, applauds the hero wildly.

Mrs. Fiske and the Animals

ONE of Mrs. Fiske's strongest traits is a passion for preventing cruelty to animals. She has been active in providing drinking troughs in New York for dogs and horses, and has herself contributed liberally to the cause. In White Plains, where she lives, she is a terror to all drivers who beat their horses, and has made the life of more than one jaded beast happier by buying him and paying to have him pastured till he dies. Lately she saw one such animal whom she had pensioned hitched to a bakery cart, and it fared ill with the farmer who had betrayed her trust.

She carries her sentiment even into the make-believe world of the stage. In Mr. Rupert Hughes' What Will People Say? which is to be her next production, there is a scene in which a fox-hunt is heard off the stage. As the scene was written, one of the men—not a sportsman—put his hand involuntarily to his hip pocket and exclaimed, "I wish I had my gun! I'd shoot the little vermin." Mrs. Fiske's respect for an author's text is so scrupulous that she will not change an "if" or an "and" without express permission, but she balked at this line. Mr. Hughes therefore wrote in a brief speech against the barbarity of fox-hunting. Incidentally, he says, the new matter brings out his characters all the more vividly.

Real Devotion

THE success of Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothern in their Shakespearian repertory recalls an incident of the time when the project was first broached. With a view to promoting it, a young woman in New York invited to meet Mr. Sothern a number of people, among whom was William Lyon Phelps, professor of English literature and drama at Yale and one of the metropolitan critics. As Mr. Sothern was playing, and the critic had to write about a new piece, the party did not meet until after midnight. Before the new project was broached a discussion arose about one of Mr. Sothern's innovations in Hamlet. The debate was furiously waged until four o'clock, Mr. Sothern, whose knowledge of the text was as intelligent as it was minute, meeting his critics at every turn. The other guests faded away, and the hostess was in polite despair. When the disputing trio found themselves alone they made many apologies, but were still so intent on the question at issue that they arranged to breakfast together after a few hours' sleep. They did so, and talked on until Mr. Sothern had to leave for a matinée. From first to last nothing was said of the proposed association with Miss Marlowe. It was evident enough, however, that Mr. Sothern was in earnest in his devotion to Shakespeare.

Publicity and the Actress

CLARA BLOODGOOD, who in private life is Mrs. William Laimbeer, complains bitterly, though not without a sense of humor, over the public misinterpretation which her position as an actress visits upon her most ordinary actions. In its account of a recent social function, a gossiping paper remarked that she "carried in her sleeve a large silk handkerchief, which she flourished from time to time ostentatiously. No doubt the fashion is calculated to attract attention, but it is to be hoped that it will not be imitated."

The fact was that Mrs. Laimbeer had a particularly nosey cold, and was obliged to carry one of her husband's handkerchiefs.

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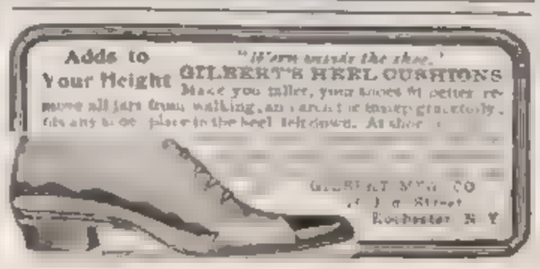
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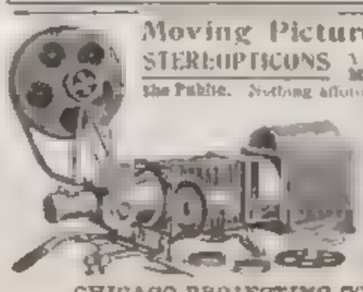

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"PHOTOGEN"

A Source of "Living Light" Which Man May Yet Learn to Utilize

BY DR. JOHN V. SHOEMAKER

President of the Faculty of the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia

THE living lamp, so long and patiently sought by science, seems at last to be an accomplished fact, thanks to the inventive ingenuity of a learned professor of the University of Prague, named Molisch, whose investigations have gone far toward solving one of the most baffling puzzles in all the domain of Nature.

Back of the invention in question lies the discovery of a new and hitherto unrecognized substance, called by Doctor Molisch "photogen," which, as the name implies, has the property of emitting light. This substance it is that ignites the firefly's tiny torch, that furnishes the glowworm with its illuminant, and that kindles the lanterns carried by all the multitudes of creatures, small and great, which lend a radiant glory to the waters of the sea.

With this substance, in a manner presently to be described, Doctor Molisch lines a small globe of glass, which thereby is converted into a lamp, shining with a soft and tranquil glow. Its luminosity lasts for fifty or sixty days, and is so bright that one can read fine print by it without difficulty. The inventor suggests that it might be used to advantage for a night-lamp, and that, by reason of its peculiar safety, it should be available also for employment in mines, in gunpowder factories, and in other places where ordinary lights are dangerous.

Before going further in the discussion of the prospective usefulness of this living light, it will be as well to explain how Doctor Molisch happened to make his wonderful discovery. It was, in fact, nothing more important than a herring, shining in the night, that originally attracted his attention to the subject. He proceeded thereupon to investigate the cause of this curious luminescence, and thence was led to the study of similar phenomena exhibited occasionally by meat and by decaying wood. In every case he was able to prove that the phosphorescent shine was given out not by the fish, or the meat, or the wood, but by microbes living on those substances.

Breeding the Lamps

Now, this fact had already been more than suspected; but Doctor Molisch proceeded to make cultures of the microbes in question by breeding them on gelatine—a simple enough process, the main difficulty being to secure specimens with which to start. In the case of meat, the doctor tried in vain for two years to get a piece that was phosphorescent. Nevertheless, as he afterward discovered, almost any scrap of beef bought at the butcher's is liable to exhibit the phenomenon if kept for three days in a cool place.

For it appears that these light-emitting organisms (some of which are bacteria, while others are microscopic fungi of the family of the moulds), far from being at all rare, as used to be supposed, are actually among the most common of the microbes which float about everywhere in the air. The germ that renders fresh meat luminous, and to which Doctor Molisch has given the name Bacterium phosphoreum, is frequently found in butcher shops, in cold-storage houses, and even in our kitchens. This is a brightly-shining microbe, but the one that often occurs on fish (called Pseudomonas lucifera) seems to be the most brilliant of all.

It was found that any piece of meat if saturated with salty water was much more likely to become luminescent. Accordingly, a little salt was mixed with the gelatine on which the microbes were to be propagated, some peptone being also supplied for nourishment. A quantity of the mixture having been put into a hollow glass globe, it was sterilized by heat, to kill all other germs that might be present, and then was "sown," by the help of a platinum needle, with "culture" stuff containing the luminous bacteria. By holding the globe beneath a cold-water tap and gently revolving it, the gelatine preparation was made to cover the whole interior, forming a thin coat on the inside of the glass.

In this simple way was the lamp prepared. Within forty-eight hours the microbes, taking advantage of the rich nourishment offered them, had multiplied and spread all over the inside of the globe, which was thereby rendered luminous with a soft and beautiful light. The radiance emitted was slightly greenish, with a tinge of blue, and absolutely steady. There was something about it mystic and wonderful—almost unearthly, one might say. As already stated, one could read fine print by it, and its intensity remained undiminished for nearly two months. With an exposure of five minutes, the bacteria colonies on the interior surface of the globe were photographed by their own light.

Light for Next to Nothing

Presently it will be interesting to consider the possibilities of the future development, for practical uses, of this living light, which now makes its appearance for the first time in the world. Meanwhile a passing reference may be made to the experiments of Mr. Langley, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, who, a few years ago, declared, as the result of an elaborate investigation, that the light of a glowworm, or of a firefly, was the "cheapest"—that is to say, the most economical—known It represented, he said, illumination without heat and without waste worth mentioning. If it could be successfully imitated, the problem of lighting our houses and streets at a cost of next to nothing would be solved forever.

Doctor Molisch (who, by the way, is a scientific man of the highest reputation) believes he has proved that the luminescence of the microbes in question is due to the fact that they contain a hitherto unknown and as yet unidentified substance, appropriately called "photogen," which has the property of emitting light. Now, a bacterium is only a single cell. But, in the case of the glowworm or of the firefly, there is a considerable mass of structure, representing an aggregate of cells, each of which incloses a bit of this same "photogen." By actual experiment it has been ascertained that the lamp of a firefly, carefully separated from its body, dried and pulverized, is thus converted into a powder which for a long period will give out light when water is dropped upon it. Thus the luminiferous substance must be purely chemical, depending as it does not at all upon the life of the insect.

It is not generally realized how plentiful this kind of light is in Nature. The surface layer of the ocean literally swarms with life, often packed so densely that the bulk of animals is greater than that of water. At night many of them are brilliantly luminous, emitting a golden, greenish or silvery radiance, which at times is so intense that the splash of an oar will seem to break through a crust into liquid fire beneath. It is in truth a living flame. Nor is it the tiny organisms only that contribute to the illumination. Large jellyfishes under such conditions appear as luminous balls, and the Portuguese men-o'-war are like so many fire balloons.

In Cuba the large tropical fireflies, imprisoned in lanterns made for the purpose, are commonly used in the rural districts for lighting out-of-doors. They serve admirably to illuminate an obscure path at night, and the wind cannot blow them out. The radiance they emit is light green in color, but, as has been proved by experiment, it will turn to rose if a red dye called eosin is injected into the body of the insect. As for the glowworm, the lamp it carries on its tail sheds rays of a bluish tinge. The light of the bacteria and moulds, according to Doctor Molisch, is whitish, greenish or greenish blue. It does not sparkle or flash, like that of insects, but is a steady glow.

For More Intensity

As a next step, Doctor Molisch is trying to increase the power of his lamp by propagating the microbes in large numbers, selecting the most brilliant ones, and breeding those thus chosen, in the hope of developing varieties which shall be more luminescent than any now obtainable. The experiment is extremely interesting; but if the "photogen" can be successfully isolated and obtained in considerable quantities, there is good reason to suppose that it might be utilized directly as an illuminant. Allowing this to be a purely speculative suggestion, it is at least conceivable that, although a process depending upon bacteria or moulds would be likely to prove too expensive, the stuff might be extracted economically from some other source.

While walking through the forests of Java, Doctor Molisch noticed that the decaying leaves, especially those of the bamboo, were occasionally luminescent. His attention being thus drawn to the phenomenon, he looked, on his return to Europe, for something of the kind in oak woods at night, and was rewarded by observation of the same sort of glow, which illuminated the ground (the season being autumn) with a feeble but easily discernible light. This, again, was found to be due to a kind of mould; and it was also found, incidentally, that the light, which was white and soft, was emitted only by leaves that were slightly damp and which had reached a certain stage of decomposition.

It is likewise a mould, much more brightly luminescent, that is accountable for the shining of rotten wood at night—a phenomenon which everybody has noticed

THE MYSTIC THREE

(Continued from Page 4)

But the very deuce seemed to possess him to talk on subjects that she strove to lead him from.

These are the other breaks he made, and as far as he got with each break—stopped neatly every time in time:

"Curious I haven't seen Jack Aus——"

"Mrs. Austin *does* resemble——"

"This is the first time I have ever been in Bev——"

And each time she managed to repair the break unnoticed. But it was telling on her; she couldn't last another round—she knew that. Only the figurative bell could save her now. And she could almost hear it as her sister rose.

Saved! But—but—*what* might some of these men say to him if he lingered here for coffee and cigarettes?

"You won't, will you?" she said desperately, as all rose.

"Won't—what?" he asked.

"Stay—*long*."

He rapidly made his way from the third into the fourth Heaven. She watched him

"No, indeed," he said under his breath.

She lingered, fascinated by her own peril. (*could* she get him away at once?

"I—I wonder, Mr. Seabury, what you would think if I—if I suggested that you smoke—smoke—on the stairs—now—with me?"

He hastily scrambled out of the fourth Heaven into the fifth. She saw him do it.

I'd rather do that than anything in the world "

"Quick, then! Saunter over to the door—stroll about a little first—no, don't do even that!—I—I mean—you'd better hurry. *Please!*" She cast a rapid look about her; she could not linger another moment. Then, concentrating all the sweetness and audacity in her, and turning to him, she gave him one last look. It was sufficient to send him in one wild, flying leap from the fifth Heaven plump into the sixth. The sixth Heaven was on the stairs; and his legs carried him thither at a slow and indifferent saunter, though it required every scrap of his self-control to prevent

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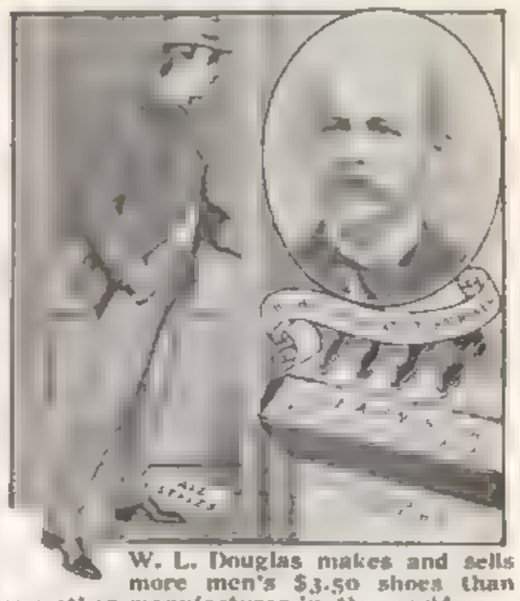

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his legs from breaking into a triumphant trot. And all the while that odd smile flickered, went out, and flickered in his eyes.

She was there, very fluffy, very brilliant, and flustered and adorable, the light from the sconces playing over her bare arms and shoulders and spinning all sorts of aureoles around her bright hair. Hah! She had him alone now. She was safe; she could breathe again. And he might harp on the Austins all he chose. Let him!

"No, *I* can't have cigarettes," she explained, "because it isn't good for my voice. I'm supposed to possess a voice, you know."

"It's about the sweetest voice I ever heard," he said so sincerely that the bright tint in her cheeks deepened.

"That is nicer than a compliment," she said, looking at him with a little laugh of pleasure. He nodded, watching the smoke rings drifting through the hall.

"Do you know something?" he said.

"Not very much. What?"

"If I were a great matrimonial prize——"

"You are, aren't you?"

"*If* I was," he continued, ignoring her, "like a king or a grand duke——"

"Exactly."

"I'd invite a grand competition for my hand and heart——"

"We'd all go, Mr. Seabury——"

"——And then I'd stroll about among them all——"

"Certainly—among the competing millions."

"Among the millions—blindfolded——"

"Blindfo——"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"——Blindfolded!" he repeated with emphasis. "I would choose a *voice!*—before everything else in the world."

"Oh," she said, rather faintly.

"A voice," he mused, looking hard at the end of his cigarette which had gone out; and the odd smile began to flicker in his eyes again.

Mischief prompting, she began: "I wonder what chance I should have in your competition? First prize I couldn't aspire to, but—there would be a sort of booby prize—wouldn't there, Mr. Seabury?"

"There would be only one prize——"

"Oh!"

"And that would be the booby prize; the prize booby." And he smiled his odd smile and laid his hand rather gracefully over his heart. "You have won, Miss Gay."

She looked at him prepared to laugh, but, curiously enough, there was less of the booby about him as she saw him there than she had expected—a tall, clean-cut, attractive young fellow, with a well-shaped head and nice ears—a man, not a boy, after all—pleasant, amiably self-possessed, and of her own sort, as far as breeding showed.

Gone was the indescribably indefinite suggestion of *too* good looks, of latent self-sufficiency. He no longer struck her as being pleased with himself, of being a shade just a shade—too sure of himself. A change, certainly; and to his advantage. Kindness, sympathy, recognition make wonderful changes in some people.

"I'll tell you what I'd do if I were queen, and"—she glanced at him—"a matrimonial prize. . . . Shall I?"

"Why be both?" he asked.

"That rings hollow, Mr. Seabury, after your tribute to my voice! . . . Suppose I were queen. *I'd* hold a caucus, too. Please say you'd come."

"Oh, I am already there!"

"*That* won't help you; it isn't first come, first served at *my* caucus! So, suppose millions of suitors were all standing around twisting their fingers in abashed but hopeful silence."

"Exactly."

"*What* do you think I'd do, Mr. Seabury?"

"Run. *I* should."

"No; I should make them a speech—a long one—oh, dreadfully long and wearisome. I should talk and talk and talk, and repeat myself, and pile platitude on platitude, and maunder on and on and on. And about luncheon-time I should have a delicious repast served me, and I'd continue my speech as I ate. And after that I'd ramble on and on and on until dinner-time. And I should dine magnificently up there on the dais, and, between courses, I'd continue my speech——"

"You'd choose the last man to go to sleep," he said simply.

"*How* did you guess it!" she exclaimed, vexed. "I—it's too bad for you to know *everything*, Mr. Seabury."

"I thought you were convinced that I didn't know *anything!*" he said, looking up at her. His voice was quiet—too quiet; his face grave, unsmiling, firm.

"I? Mr. Seabury, I don't understand you."

He folded his hands and rested his chin on the knuckles. "But I understand you, Miss Gay. Tell me"—the odd smile flickered and went out—"*Tell me, in whose house am I?*"

Sheer shame paralyzed her; wave on wave of it crimsoned her to the hair. She sat there in deathly silence; he coolly lighted another cigarette, dropped one elbow on his knee, propping his chin in his open palm.

"I'm curious to know if you don't mind," he added pleasantly.

"Oh—h!" she breathed, covering her eyes suddenly with both hands. She pressed the lids for a moment steadily, then her hands fell to her lap, and she faced him, cheeks aflame.

"I—I have no excuse," she stammered—"nothing to say for myself . . . except I did not understand what a—a common—dreadful—insulting thing I was doing——"

He waited; then: "I am not angry, Miss Gay."

N-not angry! You are! You must be! It was too mean—too contemptible.

"Please don't. Besides, I took possession of your sleigh. Bailey did the business for me. I didn't know he had left the Austins, of course."

She looked up quickly; there was a dimness in her eyes, partly from earnestness: "I did not know you had made a mistake until you spoke of the Austins," she said. "And then something whispered to me not to tell you—to let you go on—something possessed me to commit this folly——"

"Oh, no; *I* committed it. Besides, we were more than half-way here, were we not?"

"Yes-yes."

"And there's only one more train for Beverly, and I couldn't possibly have made that, even if we had turned back!"

"Y-es. Mr. Seabury, *are* you trying to defend me?"

"You need no defense. You were involved through no fault of your own in a rather ridiculous situation. And you simply, and like a philosopher, extracted what amusement there was in it."

"Mr. Seabury! You shall not be so—so generous. I have cut a wretchedly undignified figure——"

"You couldn't!"

"I could—I have—I'm doing it!"

"You are doing something else, Miss Gay."

W-what?"

"Making it very, very hard for me to go."

"But you can't go! You mustn't! Do you think I'd let you go—*now!* Not if the Austins lived next door! I mean it, Mr. Seabury. I—I simply must make amends—all I can——"

"Amends? You have——"

"I? How?"

"By being here with me."

"Th-that is as very sweet of you, Mr. Seabury, but I—but they—but you—Oh! I don't know what I'm trying to say, except that I like you—you will like you, and everybody knows Lady Seabury. Please, please forgive——"

"I'm going to telephone to Beverly. . . . Will you wait—*here?*"

"Ye-yes. Wh-what are you going to telephone? You can't go, you know. Please don't try—will you?"

"No," he said, looking down at her.

Things were happening swiftly—everything was happening in an instant—life, youth, time, all were whirling and spinning around her in bewildering rapidity; and her pulses, too, leaping responsive, drummed cadence to her throbbing brain.

She saw him mount the stairs and disappear—no doubt to his room, for there was a telephone there. Then, before she realized the lapse of time, he was back again, seating himself quietly beside her on the broad stair.

"Shall I tell you what I am going to do?" he said after a silence through which the confused sense of rushing unreality had held her mute.

"Wh-what are you going to do?"

"Walk to Beverly."

"Mr. Seabury! You promised——"

"Did I?"

"You did! It is snowing terribly. . . . It is miles and miles and the snow is already too deep. Besides, do you think I—we would let you *walk!* But you shall not go—and there are horses enough, too! No, no, no! I—I wish you would let me try to make up *something* to you—if I—all that I can possibly make up."

"At the end of the hall above there's a window," he said slowly. "Prove to me that the snow is too deep."

"Prove it?" She sprang up, gathering her silken skirts and was on the landing above before he could rise.

He found her, smiling, triumphant, beside the big casement at the end of the hallway.

"Now are you convinced?" she said. "Just look at the snowdrifts. Are you satisfied?"

"No," he said quietly—too quietly by far. She looked up at him, a quick protest framed on her red lips. Something—perhaps the odd glimmer in his eyes—committed her to silence. From silence the stillness grew into tension; and again the rushing sense of unreality surged over them both, leaving their senses swimming.

"There is only one thing in the world I care for now," he said.

"Ye-yes."

"And that is to have you think well of me."

"I—I do."

"——And each day—think better of me."

"I will probably——"

"And in the end——"

She neither stirred nor turned her eyes.

"In the end—*Listen* to me."

"I am wi-willing to."

"Because it will be then as it is now; as it was when even I didn't know it—as it must be always, for me. Only one person in the world can ever matter to me—now. . . . There's no escape from it for me."

"Do—do you wish to—escape?"

"Cecil!" he said under his breath.

"They're dancing, below," she said, leaning over the gallery, one soft white hand on the polished rail, the other abandoned to him—carelessly—as though she were quite unconscious where it lay.

"They are dancing," she repeated, turning toward him—which brought them face to face, both her hands resting listlessly in his.

A silence, then:

"Do you know," she said, "that this is a very serious matter?"

"I know."

"And that it's probably one of those dreadful, terrible and sudden strokes of Fate?"

"I know."

"And that—that it serves me right?"

He was smiling; and she smiled back at him, the starry beauty of her eyes dimming a trifle.

"You say that you have chosen a 'career,' " she said; "and—do you think that you would be the last man to go to sleep?"

"The very last."

"Then—I suppose I must make my choice. . . . I will . . . some day . . . And, are you going to dance with me?"

He raised her hands, joining them together between his; and she watched him gravely, a tremor touching her lips. In silence their hands fell apart; he stepped nearer; she lifted her head a little—a very little—closing her lids; he bent and kissed her lips, very lightly.

That was all; they opened their eyes upon one another, somewhat dazed. A bell, very far off, was sounding faintly through the falling snow—faintly, persistently, the first bell for Christmas morning.

Then she took the edges of her silken gown between thumb and forefinger, and slowly, very slowly, sank low with flushed cheeks, swaying him an old-time curtsy.

"I—I wish you a Merry Christmas," she said. . . . "And thank you for your wish. . . . And you may take me down, now," rising to her slim and lovely height—"and I think we had better dance as hard as we can and try to forget what our families are likely to think of what we've done. . . . Don't you?"

"Yes," he said seriously, "I do."

And *that's* what comes of running after trains, and talking to fat conductors, and wearing chinchilla furs, and flouting the Mystic Three!

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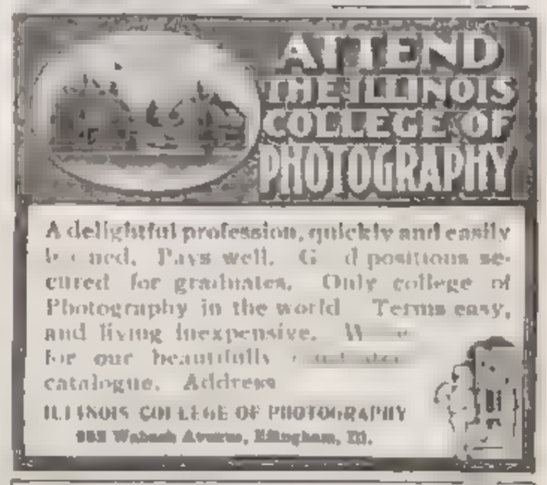

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LADY BALTIMORE

(Continued from Page 11)

of a second automobile, also his property, and containing a set of maids and valets and also some five dogs sitting up, covered with glass eyes and wrappings like their owners, munificent Charley at once offered the dead dog and his mistress a place in it, and begged she would let it take her wherever she wished to go. Everybody exclaimed copiously and condolingly over the unfortunate occurrence: What a fine animal he was, to be sure! What breed was he? Of course, he wasn't used to automobiles! Was it quite certain that he was dead? *Quel dommage!* And Charley would be so happy to replace him.

And how was Eliza La Heu bearing herself amid these murmurously chattered infelicities? She was listening with composure to the murmurs of Hortense Rieppe, more felicitous, no doubt. Miss Rieppe, through her veil, was particularly devoting herself to Miss La Heu; I could not hear what she said, the little chorus of condolence and suggestion intercepted all save her tone, and that, indeed, coherently sustained its measured cadence through the texture of fragments uttered by Charley and the others. Eliza La Heu had now got herself altogether in hand, and, saving her pale cheeks, no sign betrayed that the young girl's feelings had been so recently too strong for her. To these strangers, ignorant of her usual manner, her present strong quietness may very well have been accepted as habit.

"Thank you," she replied to munificent Charley's offer that she would use his second automobile. She managed to make her polite words cut like a scythe. "I should crowd it."

"But they shall get out and walk; it will be good for them," said Charley, indicating the valets and maids, and possibly the dogs, too.

Beverly Rodgers did much better than Charley. With a charming gesture and bow, he offered his own seat in the first automobile. "I am going to walk in any case," he assured her.

"One gentleman among them," I heard John Mayrant mutter behind me.

Miss La Heu declined, the chorus urged, but Beverly shook his head imperceptibly at Charley, and while the little exclamations "Do come!" "So much more comfortable! So nice to see more of you!"—dropped away, Miss La Heu had settled her problem quite simply for herself. A little procession of vehicles, townward bound, had gathered on the bridge, waiting until the closing of the draw should allow them to continue upon their way. From these most of the occupants had descended, and were staring with avidity at us and the great glass eyes and the great refulgent cars held them in timidity and fascination, and the poor lifeless white body of General, stretched beside the way, heightened the hypnotic mystery. One or two of the boldest had touched him, and found no outward injury upon him, and this had sent their eyes back to the automobile with increased awe. Eliza La Heu summoned one of the onlookers, an old negro, at some word she said to him he hurried back and returned, leading his horse and empty cart, and General was lifted into this. The girl took her seat beside the old driver.

"No," she said to John Mayrant; "certainly not."

I wondered at the needless severity with which she declined his offer to accompany her and help her.

He stood by the wheel of the cart, looking up at her, and protesting, and I joined him.

"Thank you," she returned, "I need no one. You will both oblige me by saying no more about it."

"John!" It was the slow, well-calculated utterance of Hortense Rieppe.

John turned.

The draw had swung to, the mast and sail of the vessel were separating away from the bridge with a stealthy motion, men with iron bars were at work fastening the draw secure, and horses' hoofs knocked nervously upon the wooden flooring as the internal churning of the automobiles burst upon their innocent ears.

"John, if Mr. Rodgers is really not going with us ——"

Thus Hortense; and at that Miss La Heu:

"Why do you keep them waiting?"

He looked up at her on her high seat by the extremely dilapidated negro, and then he walked forward and took his place beside his veiled fiancée, among the glass eyes. A hiss of sharp noise spurted from the automobiles, horses danced, and then, smoothly, the two huge engines were gone with their cargo of large, distorted shapes, leaving behind them quite as our present epoch will leave behind it—a trail of power, of ingenuity, of ruthlessness, and a bad smell.

"Hold hard, old boy!" chuckled Beverly, to whom I communicated this acidulated sentiment. "How do you know the stink of one generation does not become the perfume of the next?" Beverly when he troubled to put a thing at all (which was seldom—for he kept his quite good brains well-nigh perpetually turned out to grass) always put it well, and with a bracing vocabulary. "Hullo!" he now exclaimed, and walked out into the middle of the roadway, where he picked up a parasol. "Kitty will be in a jolly old stew. None of its expensive bones broken, however." And then he hailed me by a name of our youth: "What are you doing down here, you old sourbelly?"

"Watching you sun yourself on the gross cushions of the yellow rich."

"Oh, shucks, old man, they're not so yellow!"

"Charley strikes me as yellower than his own gold!"

"Charley's not a bad little sort. Of course, he needs coaching a bit here and there—just now, for instance, when he didn't see that that girl wouldn't think of riding in the machine that had just killed her dog. By Jove, give that girl a year in civilization and she'd do! Who was the young fire-eater?"

"Fire-eater! He's a lot more decent than you or I."

"But that's saying so little, dear boy!"

"Seriously, Beverly."

"Oh, hang it with your seriously! Well, then, seriously, melodrama was the correct ticket and all that in 1840, but we've outgrown it; it's devilish *demodé* to chuck things in people's faces."

"I'm not sorry John Mayrant did it!" I brought out his name with due emphasis.

"All the same," Beverly was beginning, when the automobile returned rapidly upon us, and, guessing the cause of this, he waved the parasol. Charley descended to get it—an unnecessary act, prompted, I suppose, by the sudden relief of finding that it was not lost.

He made his thanks marked. "It is my sister's," he concluded, to me, by way of explanation, in his slightly foreign accent. "It is not much, but it has stones and things in the handle."

We were favored with a bow from the veiled Hortense, shrill thanks from "Kitty"; and the car, turning, again left us in a moment.

"You've got a Frenchman along," I said.

"Little Gazza," Beverly returned. "Italian; though from his morals you'd never guess he wasn't Parisian. Great people in Rome. Hereditary right to do something in the presence of the Pope—or not to do it, I forget which. Not a bad little sort, Gazza. He has just sold a lot of our furniture—Renaissance—Lorenzo da Borgia—that sort of jolly old truck—to Bohm, you know."

"I didn't know."

"Oh, yes, you do, old boy. Harry Bohm, of Bohm & Conn. Everybody knows Bohm, and we'll all be knowing Conn by next year. Gazza has sold him a lot of furniture, too. Bohm's from Pittsfield, or South Lee, or East Canaan, or West Stockbridge, or some of those other back-country cider presses that squirt some of the hardest propositions into Wall Street. He's just back from buying a railroad, and four or five mines in Mexico. Bohm represents Christianity in the firm. At Newport they call him the military attaché to Jerusalem. He's the big chap that sat behind me in the car. He'll marry Kitty as soon as she can get her divorce. Bohm's a jolly old sort—and I tell you, you old sourbelly, you're letting this Southern moss grow over you a bit. Hey? What? 'Yellow rich' isn't half bad, and I'll say it myself, and pretend it's mine; but hang it, old man, their children won't be worse than lemon-colored, and the grandchildren will be white!"

"Just in time," I exclaimed, "to take a back seat with their evaporated fortunes!"

Beverly chuckled. "Well, if they do evaporate, there will be new ones. Now don't walk along making Mayflower eyes at me. I'm no Puritan, and my people have had a front seat, which I'm holding on to, you know. And by Jove, old man, I tell you, if you wish to hold on you can't be drawing lines! If you don't want to see yourself jolly well replaced you must fall in with the replacers. Our blooming old Republic is merely the quickest process of endless replacing yet discovered, and you take my tip, and back the replacers! That's where Miss Rieppe, for all her Kings Port traditions, shows sense."

I turned square on him. "Then she has broken it?"

"Broken what?"

"Her engagement to John Mayrant. You mean to say that you didn't ——"

"See here, old man. Seriously. The fire-eater?"

I was so very much bewildered that I merely stared at Beverly Rodgers. Of course, I might have known that Miss Rieppe would not feel the need of announcing to her rich Northern friends an engagement which she had fallen into the habit of postponing.

But Beverly had a better right to be taken aback. "I suppose you must have some reason for your remark," he said.

"You don't mean that *you're* engaged to her?" I shot out.

"Me? With my poor little fifteen thousand a year? Consider, dear boy! Oh, no, we're merely playing at it, she and I. She's a good player. But Charley ——"

"*He* is?" I shouted.

"I don't know, old man, and I don't think he knows—yet."

"Beverly," said I, "let me tell you." And I told him.

After he had got himself adjusted to the novelty of it he began to take it with a series of thoughtful chuckles.

Into these I dropped with: "Where's her father, anyhow?" I began to feel, fantastically, that she mightn't have a father.

"He stopped in Savannah," Beverly answered. "He's coming over by the train. Kitty—Charley's sister, Mrs. Bleecker—did the chaperoning for us."

"Very expertly, I should guess," I said.

"Perfectly; invisibly," said Beverly. And he returned to his thoughts and his chuckles.

"After all, it's simple," he presently remarked.

"Doesn't that depend on what she's here for?"

"Oh, to break it!"

"Why come for that?"

He took another turn among his cogitations. I took a number of turns among my own, but it was merely walking round and round in a circle.

"When will she announce it, then?" he demanded.

"Ah!" I murmured. "You said she was a good player."

"But a fire-eater!" he resumed. "For her. Oh, hang it! She'll let him go!"

"Then why hasn't she?"

He hesitated. "Well, of course her game could be spoiled by ——"

His speech died away into more cogitation, and I had to ask him what he meant.

"By love getting into it somewhere."

We walked on through Worship Street, which we had reached some while since, and the chief features of which I mechanically pointed out to him.

"Jolly old church, that," said Beverly. "Well, I'll not announce it!" he gallantly murmured.

"My dear man," I said, "Kings Port will do all the announcing for you to-morrow."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Fiery Diamond

IT HAS been said, with strict correctness, that a diamond loses fifty per cent. of its value during the first twenty-four hours after one buys it; from that time on its worth in the market does not diminish. It is a volcanic product; and this is why we have not been able to manufacture such gems artificially. But we know that the crystals are evolved from a mixture of iron and carbon fused at enormous heat, and it may be that by utilizing such power as the cataract of Niagara offers we shall at length succeed in solving this extremely interesting problem.

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THE WASTEFUL WEST

(Continued from Page 8)

promises in order to get signatures. The Minnesota Indians would not sign the treaty. We had to go to the Chippewas of Wisconsin, and get signatures of Indians who had never seen the land in question.

"Back of the Rice treaty was what was known as the Nelson Act of 1889. It authorized the sale, for the benefit of the Indians, of the pine lands on the twelve Minnesota reservations, at public auction, at prices which should net not less than three dollars per thousand for the pine. The Government was to send out its own estimators. I need hardly say to you that before the Government estimators arrived on the grounds my clients had had their cruisers on every quarter-section of the tracts concerned. The estimators in very many cases stayed at the railroad towns and took the estimates of our own men, which were properly given, you may be sure! I may say, as indicating a good stroke of business on the part of these gentlemen of Minnesota, that, although the Government set the price at not less than three dollars per thousand, and made the market an open auction, the great bulk of this reservation pine so thrown open was secured at the low sum of ninety cents per thousand feet. I have no doubt that much of it was sold for forty, fifty or perhaps seventy-five dollars per thousand in manufactured form. The auction? Each concern had its own district where it was operating. As I have said, the plan worked perfectly. Thus, one concern secured for $198,000 just $1,300,000 worth of pine."

The Easy Road to Riches

The paralytic sighed. He began to see how some men got reputations as captains of industry with no great mental exertion.

"There is no watch-making about this," said the paralytic. "If I could steal pine at ninety cents a thousand and sell it at fifty dollars a thousand, I believe I could get rich myself. Was that all?"

"It's a crude outline of the case," replied the lawyer; "but it was found that the delay in estimating the pine, and other Government red tape, would keep the lumbermen out of the pine for too long a time. So the 'dead and down' timber act was passed. This permitted these Minnesota gentlemen to go at once upon these reservations and log off any fallen or burned trees. There was some undue public outcry made over the fact, when it was discovered, that the lumbermen were using a lamp—just a small lard-oil torch, you know, such as you see in campaign parades—to smoke the butts of some of the trees they cut. This would enable them to prove legally, if need be, that the trees had been 'burned.' These expedients are sometimes necessary in the commercial progress of the day. Yes, I remember that the Chippewas did protest—I believe they fired upon the militia sent to quiet them in 1898—but they were subsequently properly punished for their insubordination."

The paralytic was leaning back in his chair. "Are you ill?" asked the lawyer.

"I'm not feeling very well," replied the other. "What a steal!"

"I beg pardon?" said the lawyer.

"I was just wondering where in the wide, wide world I could get a piece of pine land for my children before I die," the paralytic hastened to say.

"Barring an ability to get on the inside with some of these gentlemen who have access to the Indian reservations," replied the lawyer, "you will be obliged to go out to the westward in search of any pine. There is a considerable body of white pine in Idaho, of quality good enough for manufacture into sash, doors, etc. There is a little pine in the Sacramento Mountains of New Mexico. Oregon has some tracts of pine remaining, and California still produces considerable sugar pine, which is more like our old white pine except that it has rather coarse black streaks in the grain. There is some fir in Washington and some pine, especially in the western part; yellow pine somewhat like our old white pine. Considerable cedar also is marketed in Washington. There is some pine in Arizona, of rather coarse quality. Texas has some loblolly and long-leaf pine, and so has Louisiana, as perhaps you know, and the Appalachians and other parts of the South have some good yellow pine. Contrary to the usual belief, Alaska has very little actual pine of marketable quality—I may say none north of the Salmon Island. There are spruce and hemlock there, the latter often thought to be pine, but really of little market value. Victoria Island has a large tract of good pine as yet untouched, and there is considerable soft wood, such as fir, in British Columbia on the Northwest coast. But, my dear sir, if you really want to know where there is pine—as much pine as we ever had in America—you should go to Siberia. That is the next great pine country. Really, sir, I should counsel you to go to Siberia if you want some pine for your children."

"But that is not in America at all," sighed the paralytic.

"No," said the lawyer, "it is not in America. But you do not require impossibilities, do you?"

The astonishing thing about the thieving, rapacious lumber industry in America is, first, that it has been so colossal, and second, that it has been so secret. Sometimes it has meant an unspeakable political corruption as well as an unbridled commercial dishonesty; and back of all that has been the unbelievable American ignorance and indifference. Even to-day, the people of the West, the very ones most to be benefited, openly rebel and want the forest reservations thrown open. They want to pillage and burn as of old. They want to set out their camp-fires as they please and leave them to ravage wherever the wind listeth. They want to fill the press dispatches with news like that which two years ago reported destructive forest fires raging during the same week in Montana, Washington, Idaho, Michigan and Wisconsin. Who knows how much those fires cost? Certainly, they went to swell the total of an incredible destruction—half as much destroyed, perhaps quite as much destroyed, in standing timber as was ever marketed!

This enormous industrial waste presents a twofold aspect. Its methods cover not only ignorance and recklessness, but also crime. Not only have the individual citizens of America been defrauded of their fair chance in the matter of our national resources, but the Government itself has been defrauded. Under the Timber and Stone Act—a law most prolific in fraudulent speculation—the Government got two dollars and a half per acre. There is no telling what the lumbermen got. The homesteader who sold to them perhaps realized five dollars per acre for his "claim." By the end of another year there will be no unreserved pine lands open to "settlement" under this act. The actual stumpage value on this land, not counting the value of the land itself, amounts to $15.00 per acre, taking the run of the land, timbered or not. The Government ought to have received $70,000,000 under this act alone for land and timber, and any Government but this would have done so. This statement is more easily understandable if we say that the National Government for a long time lost about $70,000 a day through bad merchandizing. Out of $50,000,000 worth of pine land in Minnesota alone Uncle Sam has realized about $7,000,000. For the pine which was wasted there he got nothing, of course.

A Gloomy Outlook

Now, what is Uncle Sam's prospect for the future? Take the question of railroad ties alone and we may get some idea of the problem. There are 3000 railroad ties to the mile, or in the mileage of America 858,786,000. The best ties are oak, but an oak tie lasts only ten years. A pine tie lasts only four years unless treated with creosote compounds. Each year ten per cent. of the railroad ties of the country must be renewed, which is to say, 90,000,000 ties must be produced each year at a cost of fifty-five cents per tie to-day if the material be oak. Railroad men say that metal ties cannot be used, that wood is needed for elasticity. Figure what this means as a demand when applied to forests where ravage and ruin and not careful reaping are the only known methods. Add to this the demand in ship-building, house-building, mine-building, and the thousand and one uses for wood in this country, and then figure for yourself how long it will be before we need to go to Siberia. It is no wonder that a man in Michigan, who this fall discovered a raft of white oak which had

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sunk from a tow in his grandfather's lumbering operations in Canada, rejoiced when he located the raft beneath the waters of a Canadian lake. The increased value of the lumber meant a fortune to him. No savings-bank could have paid such compound interest as did this watery one.

A great many of our captains in the lumbering industry, safely reclining in the United States Senate or elsewhere, can afford to smile at the pertinent American questions: Where did they get it? and How did they get it? The ravaged forests from Vermont to the Pacific Ocean show where they got it. How they got it was a matter of indifference in the early days and indeed is to-day, as the story of the Indian reservations shows. A lumbering authority of Chicago who had much experience in Michigan in the earlier days states that all the pine in that wonderfully prolific district was bought on estimates of 5000 feet per acre. "Yet," he says, "I have cut forty, sixty and even seventy thousand feet of white pine from a single acre." This pine land was bought at $1.50 to $2.50 per acre—picked up from homesteaders or otherwise, and for the most part just taken. There never was a time in the history of the lumbering operations of the West when forty acres did not mean two hundred or perhaps four hundred acres. A man bought a section of land and he stripped two sections. When you stop to think that he paid little or nothing, on an estimate of less than one-tenth of the actual pine, and then stole as much as he paid for, I think you will see that it took no great amount of skill to get rich.

"I had one friend who paid $2.50 an acre for a tract of land and he cleared up $18,000 profit on his operations. He thought that was all, but five years later a man came along and offered him $5000 for his land. This man finally bought it at $12,000 and he made $20,000 profit out of it. Still another buyer reaped the land once more and cleaned up $9000. If there were some hardwood in this tract, as is sometimes the case, there would be another profit fully as great as the second or third one. I have known a tract of hardwood in Southern Michigan of one hundred thousand acres in extent which sold within the year at twelve dollars an acre straight through. Of course the first lumbermen would not have bothered to cut it at all, but now they are cutting little hardwood trees all over the West. Nowadays there is no known wood which will saw into a board which is not used and which is not going to be used still more. It is the waste of lumber as much as the use of it which has brought about this state of affairs."

Nothing But the Best

As to the manner in which the greatest waste occurred, the statement of an active lumber merchant of Saginaw, Michigan, is comprehensive. "My recollection goes back," he says, "to the time when the Saginaw Valley was using only Cass River cork pine. Only the choicest trees were cut, and the most tremendous waste of white pine occurred, I think, in this Cass River section. It was the finest white pine that ever grew. It was not unusual at all for a sixteen-foot log to have its thousand feet of lumber after the same was manufactured by the coarsest kind of sawing and wasteful methods. Monster logs containing three times this amount were by no means unusual, and rafts of a million feet, where the logs ran two or three or four to the thousand, was the general character of this lumber. Wider, softer and cleaner white pine never grew, and it was far superior to anything we have had in the past twenty years. Along in the sixties the best of this sold at sixteen dollars per thousand as against about eighty dollars for what is the best to-day. The common lumber containing all the picking brought about eight dollars then. Such stock to-day would bring at least forty dollars.

"Now, aside from selecting the trees and then selecting the best logs out of a tree, doing nothing with the butts, the difference between lumbering then and now is this: nowadays the tree is cut close to the ground; then a stump four or five feet long was left and wasted. Now everything is used, away up into the branches; then the first cut was generally long-butted. That meant that if any defect, such as shake or rot, showed in a butt, a piece eight, ten or twelve feet long was cut off and left to rot in the woods. This really was the best of the timber, only there was more waste in it and consequently it did not pay to put expense on it to get it out of the woods. In later years these long butts were cleaned up, where not burned by forest fires, and made into shingles. As soon as the limbs were reached, or the log looked at all knotty, it was left to be burned by forest fires. To-day the lumberman uses as high as a squirrel can climb. After the big trees were taken out, fire devastated the entire section, and young trees that to-day would be worth a fortune were destroyed by forest fires, and the tops and rubbish left from logging were ready fuel for fires.

"The logs were floated down the river by the current and taken to the old-fashioned sawmill. This was even as late as 1870, or possibly later. The muley-saw, a single-blade upright, was used for the largest logs. The saw kerf was three-eighths of an inch. Thus for every one-inch board made, three-eighths of an inch was wasted in sawdust. The circular saw used from one-quarter to five-sixths of an inch sawdust. To-day this same work is done by the bandsaw, taking out not over one-eighth of an inch, and by the band-re-saw, taking out one-sixteenth of an inch saw kerf."

Up Go the Prices

"Twice as much used to be wasted in slabs as now. The shorts and mill culls frequently were of so little value on the Saginaw River that they were used for fuel for evaporating salt. Mill culls that I have often seen sold at $2.50 per thousand would bring seventeen or eighteen dollars to-day.

"Worms destroy a log soon after it reaches the ground, and this is especially true in hardwood, although, of course, the borers ruin millions of dollars' worth of pine. A slashed-off piece of woodland not only feeds but creates worms, and this cause of destruction is increasing. You can see why, in view of all this waste, the price of lumber has gone up so steadily. The advance in the cost of lumber, especially white pine, has been about fifty per cent. in the last five years."

Riding across one of the burned districts of the West an old-time lumberman looked meditatively at the landscape now covered with little pines, sprouted since the last burning, and by that time some three feet in height. "We talk about money going down to three per cent.," said he; "I believe any of us could make three per cent. by buying this land just as it is and leaving it alone."

His friends laughed at him. "What good would that do you?" asked one. "How could you keep out the fires? Besides, you'd be dead and gone." This seemed to settle the matter.

I have seen an old skin-hunter's eyes shine as he pointed out a bunch of black Galloway cattle a mile away on the plains. "Don't they look like the buffalo?" he said. I have seen a man hold a Michigan grayling in his hands and babble over it. "We used to get wagon-loads of them here ten years ago," he said. To-day the fish is extinct. I have seen men excitedly argue over the report that a live passenger pigeon had been seen in the West—where twenty years ago they swarmed in millions. I have seen a man, an old lumberman at that, actually salute a little grove of real white pine through which we chanced to pass. "Ah! old fellows!" he said at length, after he had looked and listened for some time in silence. The pines whispered to him in answer. "*Ave! Imperator!*" they said. "*Morituri—morituri.*"

New Christmas Toys

THE newest style of toy locomotive is to all intents and purposes just like a real one. It has a steel boiler; an alcohol lamp is fitted cleverly into the lower part of it to furnish power, and the requisite water is put in from above. There is a safety-valve, and also an ingenious little contrivance to show how high the water is in the boiler.

Another novel toy for this Christmas is a whole orchestra of little people five inches high, who, a dozen in number, scrape fiddles, blow horns and beat drums when the machinery is wound up. A leader, with baton in hand, conducts the band.

Instead of the old-fashioned game of the racing-horses, which go around in concentric circles, motor-cars in miniature are adapted to a similar contrivance. Bowling sets are made to represent various animals, which take the place of ordinary ninepins; or they are Japanese dolls, carved out of wood; or else Santa Claus and a company of snow-men.

The Editors' Plans

For the Early Numbers of

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Edwin Lefèvre's New Novel

For many years it has been acknowledged that no other writer on finance pure and simple possessed Mr. Lefèvre's technical knowledge and intellectual grip of the money market. It remained only for him to show that what he had done in articles and short stories he could do again in dealing with a vital, living subject, a real drama of the Street. His novel more than fulfills the promise of his short stories.

Robert W. Chambers' New Stories

No living writer can make the sudden love affair quite so convincing as Robert W. Chambers. Nor was Mr. Chambers ever in better mood than when he invented for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST that Sherlock Holmes of love, the head of Keen & Co., Tracers of Lost Persons. Here is a detective who puts his powers to some real use—not to the detection of miserable criminals, but to the running down of the heart's desire.

Owen Wister's Stories of the Far West

Owen Wister's ability to create character made him famous in The Virginian. In Lady Baltimore his growth in the art of writing has placed him among the first of modern novelists. What the now thoroughly developed artist can do upon returning to the Rockies becomes, naturally, one of the literary questions of to-day. The answer will be given in six short stories to be published in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

F. Hopkinson Smith's New Series

In the best sense of that word, geniality is the keynote of all F. Hopkinson Smith's best work. And it is his best work which he has put into the new series of stories which he has written for POST readers. The narrative smiles—and glows. Its humor is always kindly; even its satire is tolerant, and a more satisfactory sum total it would be difficult to imagine.

Six Little Talks About Six Great Men

By the Author of Letters From a Self-Made Merchant to His Son

Stories by Henry Wallace Phillips

Few of the younger writers are so much in demand as Henry Wallace Phillips. POST readers, familiar with his Scraggs—that humorous Mormon who tells his own stories—will understand why. A more delightful character, with a more delightful vernacular, is hard to imagine. But such a one Mr. Phillips has imagined, and that one, as well as the only original Scraggs, is to appear in several short stories in this magazine during the coming year.

The Man Who Thinks for Himself in Politics

This is the title of a significant series of articles which will begin with a paper by Brand Whitlock, Mayor-elect of Toledo.

E. Nesbit's New Serial

E. Nesbit was never in happier vein than in The Incomplete Amorist, a brilliant and powerful love story of Artist Life in Paris, which will be one of the serial features that POST readers will enjoy during the early months of the new year. The glamour of student life in the Quarter, work in the art schools and the thousand new scenes into which the green little English heroine is plunged, all are portrayed by the author most entertainingly.

Stories and Articles by David Graham Phillips

A series of popular economic studies and some fiction, from one who has as large a popular following as any American author, will soon appear.

The Cry of the Children

With the publication of The Woman Who Toils, Mrs. John Van Vorst became at once a figure of prominence. Now Mrs. Van Vorst has been investigating for this magazine the question of child-labor. Her brief is for the children: they plead their own case in her narrative.

The Quest of Old Furniture

Old furniture may be the boast of people without ancestors when once the gentle art of acquiring it is learned. The trail leads to curious out-of-the-way places, and proves that there is more satisfaction in the chase than in the achievement. At least that is what the editors thought when they read the manuscript of Elizabeth and Robert Shackleton. Readers of this series (which will appear in our early numbers) will not merely learn to distinguish the real from the spurious in the matter of old furniture, old china and brasses, but they will be convinced, by the charming persuasiveness of these papers, that of all the forms of recreation none is so satisfying as the pursuit of antiques.

Behind the Veil of Isis

Here is another novelette—and yet not just "another novelette" either, because it is different. Humor and mystery are both good things, but they are rarely combined as in this story. Nor do they complete the list of its elements. There is adventure, then suspense and then climax—a climax which is precisely not the one expected. It will not do to betray the secret; so it is enough here to say that Behind the Veil of Isis is a tale of Old Egypt and little old New York.

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50	"	"	50	"	2500
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